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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

"A Midwinter Scene in Florida"

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A VALENTINE FROM PORTO RICO.

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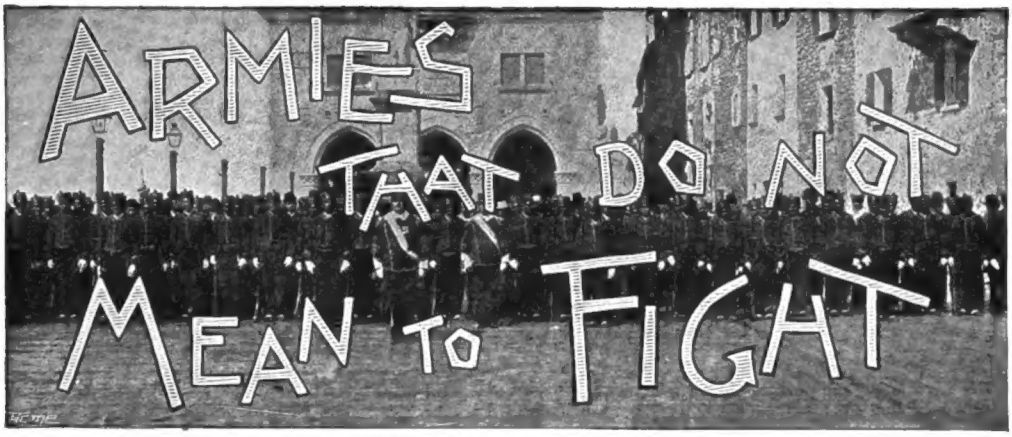

THE ARMY OF SAN MARINO.

By Herbert Vivian.

Probably half the recruits in half the armies of the world are reconciled to their career by the prospect of strutting about in a gay uniform and winning the admiration of the other sex. Compare the ordinary yokel or bar-loafer with the same individual arrayed in all his martial glory, and you need not wonder that nursemaids bid against one another for the soldier's companionship.

Imagine what the competition must be to join a regular army which has none of the hardships or dangers of warfare in prospect.

Such armies are to be found in various neutralized countries, which are guaranteed by the Powers against foreign invasion, and in a few diminutive states, which have, so far, survived the universal mania for centralization. It might be imagined that, once the inviolability of the territory had been secured, a police force would be found sufficient to maintain order; but where an army has once existed, it is difficult to disband it without irritating many interests and disappointing many aspirations. Moreover, the dignity of a sovereign requires that he should be attended by a military guard, and some small sovereigns rate their dignity very high.

Perhaps the strangest fact connected with this subject of non-combatant armies is that the Swiss republic, with its notoriously simple tastes, and a president who, so far from seeking to ape the monarch, is scarcely even known by name outside his country, should maintain one of the largest European forces in proportion to its size.

While some 7 per cent. of the French, and some 6 per cent. of the German population would be available in the event of a war, Switzerland claims to be able to put no less than one-sixth of her whole people into the field; and one-third of her budget goes to military expenditure, a proportion almost equal to that in the German Empire, and considerably greater than that in France. And this in spite of the fact that the perpetual neutrality of Switzerland and the perpetual inviolability of her territory were guaranteed by the Great Powers in 1815.

No doubt, in case of a great European war, a general might have small regard for treaties and international guarantees; but such a remote contingency scarcely warrants so much expenditure of time and money on the part of a frugal people.

The Swiss have, however, been fighters all through their history, and even though they are unlikely to have to cross swords with a foreigner again, they cannot resist the joy of military parade from time to time. They came most near to a real brush with an enemy during the Franco-

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A PARADE OF THE SAN MARINO MILITIA.

Prussian War of 1870, when there seemed quite a chance of their territory being violated by one or other of the belligerents. It was an anxious time; the Swiss reserves were hastily called out and massed upon the frontiers, where they tasted all the excitement of campaigning without exposing a limb.

The curious thing is that this little country, with the largest proportional army in Europe, has a fundamental law forbidding the maintenance of a standing army within its border. I do not understand how this has been got over, but there seems some kind of quibble about there being no federal army, only a collection of cantonal contingents, each under the local authority of its district.

In any case every Switzer, on attaining the age of twenty, is liable to military service unless he chooses to obtain exemption by paying a special tax. He is called out for a certain number of days' drill every year, until he is thirty-two, and then passes into the various classes of the reserve.

If the Swiss army is debarred from fighting, a Swiss subject may still remember that great martial glories have been won by his countrymen all through history in the service of foreigners. So long as heroism is revered by man, the gallantry of Louis XVI.'s Swiss guards, who died in a hopeless struggle at the post of duty, must always excite the deepest enthusiasm. Visitors to Lucerne will recall the beautiful lion, which has been carved there as their monument.

Nowadays, however, the Swiss seem to have ceased to seek service as mercenaries, and the only living memory of their prowess is to be found in the corps of Swiss Guards, which the Papacy maintains as the last remnant of its old troops. But few, if any, of them are now natives of Switzerland, and their name is to-day their only link with the past.

Membership of this guard is eagerly coveted by zealous Roman Catholics all over the world, and the corps is recruited from among the noble families of every country.

Every visitor to the Vatican is familiar with their quaint mediæval uniform. At the battles with Garibaldi, the Papal soldiers, inspired by their religious zeal, fought with unexampled bravery; but nowadays the Holy See is dispirited, and inclined to place its confidence in diplomacy rather than in force, so that its last remaining defenders have few tasks more active than that of keeping the sentinel's watch, or directing a tourist to a picture. They may, therefore, find inclusion under the category of this article.

While Switzerland has proportionately the largest army in Europe, the two other states whose neutrality has been guaran-

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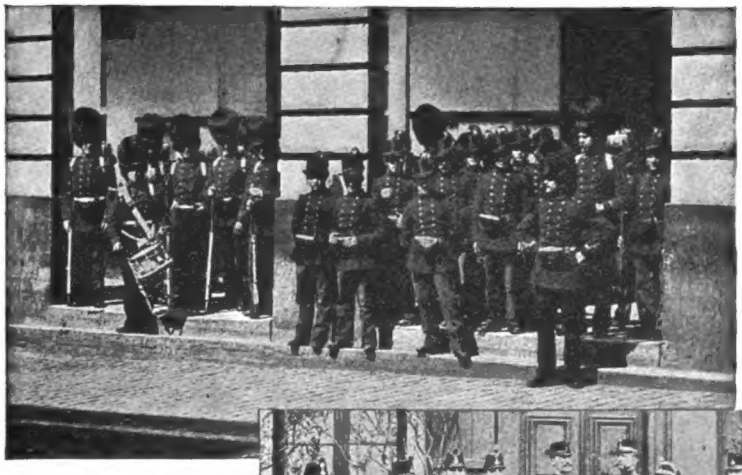
teed by the Powers have probably the smallest. Belgium can only boast of some 50,000 regular soldiers, or, roughly, three-quarter per cent. of the whole population.

There is, however, also a Civil Guard, nearly as numerous, organized by the local authorities—an unfortunate arrangement, as party feeling runs high in Belgium, and the two forces generally contrive to take different sides. I have been told by Belgians that whenever any of the Civil Guard are sent out to keep the populace in order, it is found necessary to despatch an equal number of regulars to overawe the Civil Guards.



BELGIAN GRENADIERS AND CARABINIERS.

The latter certainly have strange notions of discipline, for I have seen bodies of them parading the streets of Brussels arm-in-arm, wearing their uniforms and yelling political songs, while a corporal strode in front beating time.

Every able-bodied Belgian is liable to conscription when he reaches the age of twenty, but he is allowed to provide a substitute, and as he has by no means a martial temperament, the recruiting falls far short of its due proportions.

Belgian soldiers certainly do not look as if they meant to fight. I hardly think I have ever seen a more slouching, slovenly, miserable-looking set of men in uniform in any part of the world. The officers, if anything, lack smartness even more than the men, and often present a truly laughable appearance. I noticed that the Belgian army possesses a very elaborate ambulance, and, as no fighting is anticipated, I presume that this is a precaution lest any of the officers should happen to trip up over their swords. I was reminded of the habit of French sportsmen, who make a point of taking out surgeons and litters—almost even trained nurses—to pick up the pieces when they go a-hunting.

With the best will in the world it is impossible not to feel impatient when we see Belgians playing at soldiers. Those who have had anything to do with them in Africa cherish the worst possible impression of them, and the Belgian lion, with his tail between his legs, stands

TYPES OF THE ARMY OF LUXEMBURG.

ANOTHER SPECIMEN OF THE ARMY OF KING LEOPOLD.

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out as an appropriate monument upon the field at Waterloo, where the Belgian troops came so very far from distinguishing themselves.

It is strange that after so many centuries of fighting, Belgians should not have acquired the rudiments of warfare; but as they had had more than their due share in the Middle Ages, it was perhaps fitting that the "cockpit of Europe" should at least be guaranteed as neutral territory by the Powers at the Treaty of London in 1831.

Another Treaty of London declared the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg to be neutral territory in 1867. It had previously formed part of the Germanic Confederation, and would certainly have been swallowed up in the German Empire of 1871 but for this guarantee. As it is, Germany looks regretfully upon it, and would welcome an opportunity of annexing it. The old Prussian barracks may still be seen there, but they have now been turned to the peaceful use of a manufactory of corsets.

THE POPE'S SWISS GUARDS.

Before the Treaty of London ordered the destruction of the fortifications, the town of Luxemburg was one of the finest natural strongholds in Europe, and even now, with its denuded battlements, it looks as if it could hold its own against many besiegers, standing sheer over precipices on all sides, and surrounded by the rivers which form an imposing moat.

The Grand Duke's army is of modest but not unpleasing aspect. Nominally it numbers some 500 men, but in reality there are only about 200. They wear a sober uniform, do their drills regularly, and present a fairly smart appearance. They provide sentinels for their sovereign's palace and the small chamber of deputies, and the greater part of the police are recruited from their ranks.

Their quarters are at the Barracks of the Holy Ghost, which were built by Louis XIV. on the site of an old monastery, and are situated at one of the most picturesque corners of this lovely rock.

I now come to the dwarf states, beside which Luxemburg, with its 998 square miles and 211,000 souls, cuts quite a respectable figure.

The principality of Monaco, with an area of eight square miles, is content with a standing army of five officers and seventy men. They seem to have a very easy time of it, and, when not required to take their turns as sentinels at the Prince's palace, spend most of their time lounging about the fragrant gardens belonging to the gambling establishment.

On rare occasions, such as the name-day of the Prince, they come out in force for a parade, and from time to time they may be discerned playing at drill with the useless old cannons which decorate the time-worn battlements. More fortunate than the soldiers of many countries I could name, they can count upon receiving their pay regularly, thanks to the generosity of the Casino, which defrays practically all the expenses of the little state. As there

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is no conscription in Monaco, the privilege of its citizenship is eagerly coveted by the inhabitants of the two neighboring military states, and stringent precautions have to be taken against its being improperly obtained.

There may be drawbacks about belonging to a small state, and an ambitious person would find no openings; but the mass of the people consider themselves amply compensated by exemption from taxes and military service.

The citizens of San Marino, being highlanders, are naturally inclined to soldiering, and have had their full share of it during the Middle Ages. Their independence seems to have been maintained by good luck and a certain shrewd diplomacy. How, alone among the numerous statelets of the peninsula, this tiny republic escaped being absorbed into United Italy has never been made clear, and when I stayed there I could find no one to enlighten me.

It may have been due partly to a sympathy with Garibaldi, and partly to its name of a republic, though it is only a republic in the old aristocratic sense, and by no means a democracy.

Italy concluded a treaty with San Marino in 1872, and promised her protection; but this lapsed in 1895, and there is nothing now to prevent annexation if an Italian Government should one day have a mind to complete the work of unity.

In the Middle Ages the rock of San Marino must have been almost impregnable; but it could not hold out against modern methods of assault, and it is unlikely that the little army would make any attempt at resistance.

A TROOPER OF THE PAPAL GUARD.

The soldiers have, however, quite a martial aspect, and evidently know that they are very fine fellows indeed. All have a smart appearance, and the officers in particular are very proud of their uniforms. The last time they had to show their teeth was in the sixties, when Garibaldi sought refuge among them from an Austrian army which was pursuing him. The people of San Marino did not wish to receive him, as such a breach of their neutrality was likely to bring down the wrath of the Austrians.

However, they entertained the outlaw for as short a time as they could, and afterwards managed to pacify the Austrian commander. Now they profess to be proud of the episode and have put up a commemorative tablet over the house where Garibaldi slept.

When Italy declared war against Austria, San Marino declared war, too, as a mark of sympathy. This was forgotten when Italy concluded peace, and we are now confronted by the curious fact that, legally, San Marino is still at war with Austria.

As, however, neither can reach the other without passing through the territory of a neutral, there is no great fear of immediate bloodshed.

Very similar to this redoubtable little republic is the semi-independent state of Andorra, in the Pyrenees. I have called Andorra a semi-independent state, and such it is, being under the suzerainty of France and the Bishop of Urgal. It is not, however, on its history that our main interest in this Liliputian state is centred, but on its army—an army that will never have cause to draw its weapons. This

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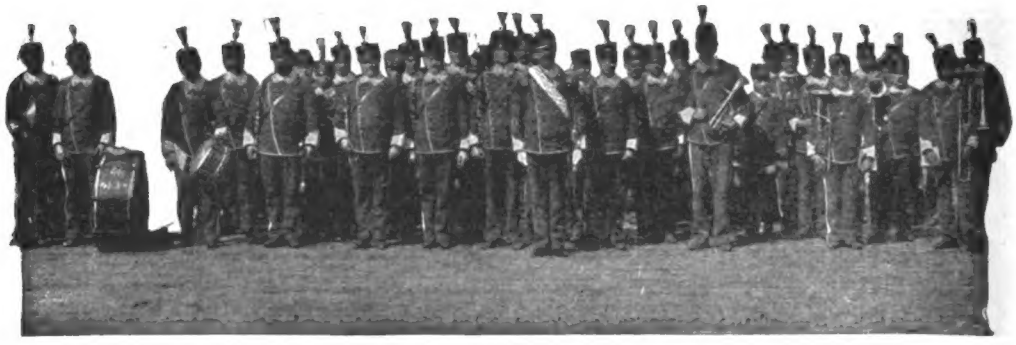
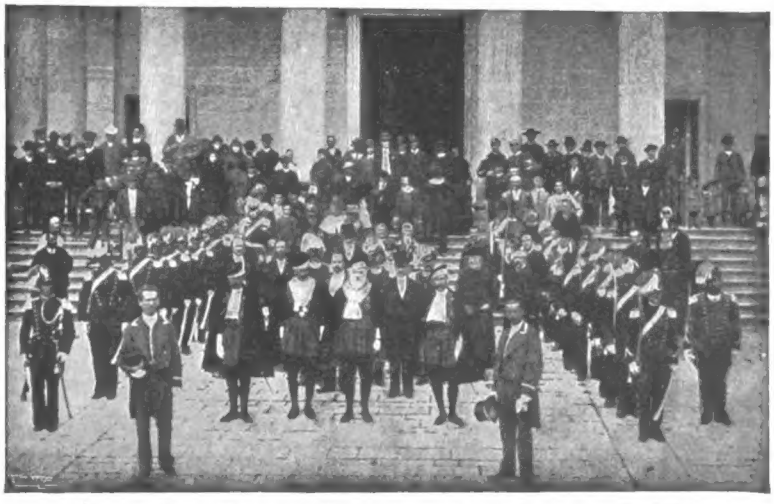


THE MILITARY BAND OF SAN MARINO.

gallant little force of militia, a force of 600 mountaineers, would certainly, did the contingency arise, fight for their land to the last man. They are commanded by two generals, one chosen by the Bishop of Urgal, the other by the government of France. In addition to commanding the troops, one of the chief offices of these generals is the administration of criminal justice, and decisions are not delivered in accordance with any written law, but solely on the responsibility of these officers. This sounds very French; but luckily for the people of Andorra, Merciers and Rogets seem to be a special monoploy of the suzerain power.

In case of dire necessity—and it requires a mind of no mean imaginative power to realize so remote a contingency—in such a case the whole male population—to say nothing of the ladies, who are celebrated for their stalwart exteriors—is capable of engaging an enemy. Wonderful to relate, every citizen has been trained in the gentle art of self-defence; they can shoot fairly accurately, and have been initiated into the mysteries of sabre manipulation. When the great battle of Andorra comes to be fought, they will, without a doubt, give an excellent account of themselves, and show the enemy what heroic deeds an Andorran citizen can do in defence of his republic.

Finally we have the only really reasonable state in Europe, the little principality of Liechtenstein. I went there from the Lake of Constance, expecting to find that the sturdy highlanders had not been able to resist the usual martial make-believe. But not only was there not a single regiment, but the Prince, who has spent most of his reign at Vienna, does not even allow himself a bodyguard for his rare visits. He knows it would be quite unnecessary, for his generosity has made him exceedingly popular among the villagers.



THE CAPTAINS REGENT OF SAN MARINO, AND THEIR GUARD OF OFFICERS.

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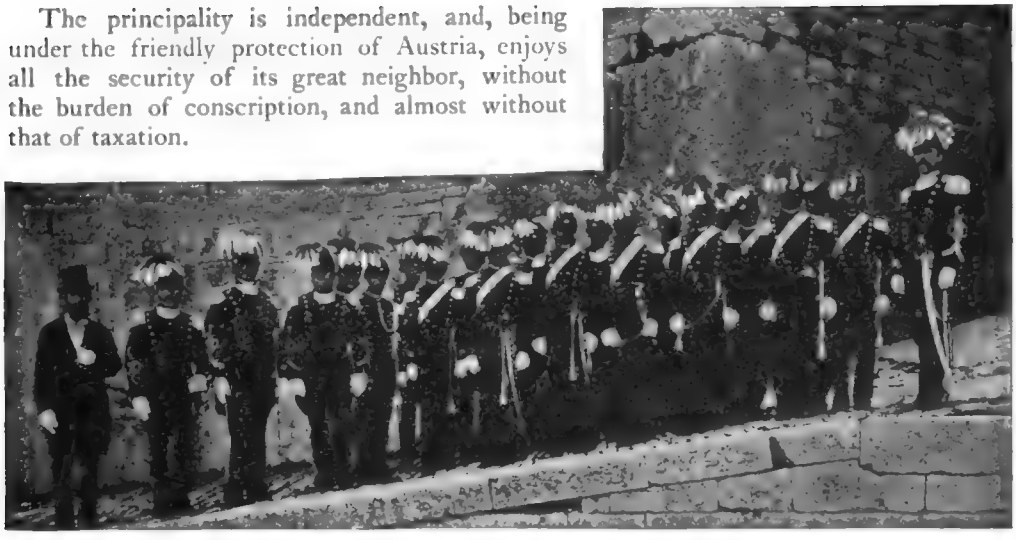
The principality is independent, and, being under the friendly protection of Austria, enjoys all the security of its great neighbor, without the burden of conscription, and almost without that of taxation.



THE GUARD OF NOBLES OF SAN MARINO.

MY VALENTINE.

SWEETHEART mine!
Why the laughing lift of eyebrow and the mocking head's incline?
Must I plead and must I pray
But to have you turn away?
Lightly chiding when I ask you, Will you be my valentine?

Sweetheart mine!
Dainty airs and wilding graces—but you bid my lips resign
Such endearment? Must you be
Laughter led and fancy free?
Just your coyness draws me to you; will you be my valentine?

Sweetheart dear!
If your shyness waits my wooing, I have longed since yester-year
For the boon your eyes bestow,
When your voice drops soft and low,
And your soul is all a tremble with the passion of a tear.

Sweetheart mine!
Something falters on your lips, in your eyes a misty shine
Laughs and lingers, ere the fall
Of the eyelid shadows all.
Give me just your finger-tips for the kiss, my valentine.

LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH.

TABOR COLLEGE, IOWA.

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CHAPTER I.

THE Marquis de Castelroc stood smiling before me, and in his outstretched hand he held the appointment which, unsolicited and even against my wishes, he had obtained for me, in Lorraine.

For some moments I remained dumfounded by what I accounted a liberty which he had no right to take, and yet, imagining that feelings of kindly interest had dictated it, I had not the heart to appear resentful.

At length I broke the painful silence.

"Monsieur is extremely kind," I murmured, bowing, "but as I told you a week ago, when first you suggested this appointment to me, I cannot and will not accept it; nor can I fathom your motives for thus pressing it upon me."

The smile faded from his handsome, *roué* face, and the hard lines which characterized his mouth when in repose reappeared.

"You refuse it?" he inquired, and his voice had lost all that persuasive gentleness of a moment ago.

"I regret that I cannot accept it," I replied.

He dropped the parchment on to the table, and, going over to the fireplace, leaned his elbow on the overmantel. With his gaze fixed upon the ormolu clock, he appeared lost in thoughts of no pleasant character, to judge by the expression of his face.

I endured the ensuing silence for some moments; then, growing weary, and remembering a pair of bright eyes that were watching for my arrival in the Rue du Bac, I coughed to remind him of my presence.

He started at the sound; then turning, came slowly across to where I stood. Leaning lightly against the *secretaire* of carved oak, and laying a shapely hand, all ablaze with jewels, upon my shoulder, he gazed intently at me for a moment with those uncanny eyes of his.

"You are still a very young man, Monsieur de Blèville," he began.

"Pardon me," I interrupted, impatiently, "but I was twenty-four last birthday."

"A great age," he sneered; then quickly changing his tone as if he feared to offend me, "I speak comparatively," he continued. "You are young when compared with me, who am old enough to be your father. Youth, *mon cher* Vicomte, is rash, and often does not recognize those things which would revert to its own advantage. Now I mean you well."

"I doubt it not, Monsieur."

"I mean you well, and take more interest in you than you think. I have noticed that you are growing pale of late;

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the air of Paris does not agree with you, and a change would benefit you vastly."

"I thank you, but I am feeling passing well," I answered with some warmth.

"Still," he persisted, puckering his brows, "not so well as a young man of your years should do. Lorraine is a particularly healthy country. You will take the appointment."

"A plague on the appointment!" I exclaimed, unable longer to restrain the anger which his impertinence excited; "I do not want it! Do you not understand me, sir? *Nôtre Dame!* But your persistence grows wearisome. Permit me to bid you good-night; I have pressing matters to attend to."

So saying, I reached out for my hat which lay on the table beside the lighted tapers. But he caught my arm in his hand with a grip that made me wince.

"Not yet, Vicomte!" he cried huskily. "I take too great an interest in you to let you go thus. We must understand each other first."

His pale face had an evil scowl, and his voice a ring of mockery little to my taste.

"Your life is in danger, Monsieur," he said presently, "and if you persist in your determination to remain in Paris, evil will befall you."

"And from whom, pray?" I inquired haughtily.

"My Lord Cardinal."

"Richelieu!" I gasped, and I know that I paled, although I strove not to do so.

Bending over until his lips were on a level with my ear, "Who killed Beausire?" he whispered suddenly.

I recoiled as if he had struck me; then, in an access of fury, I sprang upon him, and seizing him by the costly lace about his throat, I shook him viciously in my grasp.

"What do you know?" I cried. "Answer me, sir, or I will strangle you. What do you know?"

With an effort he wrenched himself free, and flung me back against the wall.

"Enough to hang you," he snarled, panting for breath. "Keep your distance, you young dog, and listen to me, or it will be the worse for you."

Limp and mute, I remained where I was.

"You may not know me well, Blèville," he said in calm and deliberate accents; "but those who do, will tell you that I am a dangerous man to thwart. Your presence in Paris is distasteful to me. I have determined that you shall quit it, and go you shall—either to Lorraine or the Bastille, as you choose."

"I choose neither, sir," I answered defiantly.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"There is no third course open for you, unless, indeed, it be Montfaucon and the hangman. Come, be reasonable; take this appointment and go to Lorraine to recruit your health. Remember, Vicomte, the Cardinal has not forgotten his nephew's death, and it will go hard with you if I but whisper your name in his ear."

"You cannot substantiate your calumny!" I exclaimed.

"Ho, ho! Calumny, eh?" he jeered.

"Yes, calumny," I repeated, thinking to have found a loophole.

But my hopes were soon dashed.

"Pish!" he said, "but I have proofs, boy; written proofs. I have a letter which Beausire wrote to his wife, on the morning of his death, wherein he told her that he was going to St. Germain to a rendezvous with the Vicomte de Blèville."

"And why," I inquired suspiciously, "if such be the case, why was this letter not shown to Monseigneur de Richelieu by the widow?"

"Because it contained a request that if he fell, no disclosures should be made. The widow was forced to respect his last wishes. But she died last week, as you may possibly be aware. She was my sister, as you may also know, and, after her death, I found this letter among other treasured papers.

"What do you say now? Will you accept the appointment?"

"It was an honorable duel," I murmured sullenly.

He laughed.

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"You can explain that to His Eminence," he answered derisively, "if you think it will weigh with him."

I knew full well that it would not; for besides the royal edicts which forbade duelling—and in virtue of which we had gone to St. Germain to fight without seconds, trusting to each other's honor, so that there might be no witnesses, and so that the survivor might not be pestered with the law—Beausire *was the Cardinal's nephew.*

Again Castelroc repeated that monotonous question, "Will you accept the appointment?"

For an instant I wavered, and had it not been for the memory of Mademoiselle de la Haudraye, who, at that very moment, would, I knew, be waiting for me in the Rue du Bac, I believe I should have ended by assenting. As it was, I *could not* leave Paris then. It was but the night before that I had tasted of the cup of life's happiness, when she had promised to become the Vicomtesse de Blèville, and I would make a desperate stand before the cup was dragged from my lips.

BEFORE I COULD DISENGAGE, MY ARMS WERE SEIZED FROM BEHIND.

"Would you vouchsafe to tell me why you desire my absence?" I inquired at length.

"Because your presence annoys me," he answered surlily.

"That is no explanation, Monsieur. I must have a reason."

"And, by Heaven, you shall!" he retorted furiously. "Listen, sir. There is a certain lady in Paris whom I love and whom I desire to wed, but I may not do so while you are by."

The absurdity of his explanation was such that I could not withhold a laugh.

"I do not understand how my presence can affect your *affaires du cœur.*"

"No more do I! *Mort de ma vie*, I do not!" he answered vehemently. "But women are strange things, and this one has the bad taste to prefer you to me."

"And you think," I answered, banteringly, not because I believed his preposterous tale, but because I desired to humor his mendacity, "that if I were absent; if this amorous maid's heart were no longer set aflame by the sight of my beauty, she might turn kindly to you?"

"You have said it!" he cried bitterly. "For you are young and rich, and she would marry *you* for your money alone, whereas, I am not so young, and far from wealthy."

I looked at the richness of his apparel, and of the room wherein we stood, and smiled.

"But, Monsieur de Castelroc," I exclaimed, "how can I be guilty of all this? I do not seek to wed the maid."

He looked at me in blank astonishment.

"You do not seek to wed Mademoiselle de la Haudraye?" he muttered.

"Who?" I thundered, starting forward.

"Mademoiselle de la Haudraye."

For a moment I stared at him; then, stimulated by anger and scorn, I burst into a long, loud laugh.

"It amuses you?" he said icily.

"*Par Dieu!* In truth it does! Imagine the presumption of a man of your years and reputation, aspiring to the hand

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of such a woman as Mademoiselle de la Haudraye! *Mon Dieu*, 'tis passing droll!"

And with my hands on my sides, I gave unrestrained vent to my hilarity, forgetful for the moment of the Cardinal, and the dungeon yawning at my feet.

But Castelroc sobered me suddenly by picking up that plaguey parchment.

"When you have had your laugh, you young fool, perhaps you will reconsider the advisability of accepting this document," he snarled, white with passion.

"May the devil take you and your document," I answered, picking up my hat. "Do what you please. I remain in Paris."

"I will give you twenty-four hours to deliberate," he cried.

"My mind will be unaltered in twenty-four years."

"Then, *Mon Dieu*, I will go at once." And he touched a bell that stood upon the table. "My hat and cloak, Guitant," he said to the servant who answered his summons, "and order my carriage. I am going to the Palais Cardinal."

"And I to the Rue du Bac," I cried, as the door closed upon the lackey.

"Where?" he ejaculated.

"To the Rue du Bac, to tell Mademoiselle de la Haudraye what manner of man you are, and what you are about to do. Now, Master *mouchard*," I exclaimed triumphantly, "if you imagine that your suit will prosper after that; if you imagine that the Comte de la Haudraye will permit his daughter to wed one of the Cardinal's spies, you are a greater fool than I hold you for."

It was a rash speech, but for the life of me I could not have withheld it.

"You shall not go!" he roared, turning livid; "you shall not leave here but to go to the Bastille." Then raising his voice—"Ho, there, some one! *À moi!*"

My sword was out in a trice, and I rushed wildly at him, for his threat had scared me, and I saw that my rashness was like to cost me dear.

He drew as I sprang forward, and was barely in time to parry a stroke that threatened to end his intriguing for all time. Before I could disengage, my arms were seized from behind, and, struggling madly, I was held there at his mercy.

But he only laughed, and sheathing his sword, said the Cardinal would deal with me.

I was flung rudely down, and while one servant pinned me to the ground, another fetched a rope wherewith they bound me firmly, hand and foot. Then Castelroc rolled me over and struck me on the face. I opened my mouth to tell him in fitting terms what I thought of his act, when, quick as lightning, he gagged me with a *poire d'angoisse*; then, with a parting gibe, he strode away, and locking the door after him, left me there, stretched upon the ground, powerless, inert, and mute.

CHAPTER II.

For perhaps ten minutes I lay where I had been thrown, too stunned by the rude manner in which I had been handled, to indulge in active thought. I did not think—at least not coherently; I was content to lie, like the human log they had made of me, with a dull sense of anger at my defeat and powerlessness, and with a dismal feeling of despair.

Presently, however, I revived somewhat. The ticking of the ormolu clock was irritating to me, and I felt a burning desire to dash it from its shelf and silence it. But as I gazed upon the ornament, I turned my thoughts to the time it measured, and in spirit I followed the Marquis de Castelroc to the Palais Cardinal.

"Even now," I thought, "he will be there; say he is kept waiting five minutes, it will be half-past eight before he has speech of the Cardinal, another five minutes to relate his story, and ten minutes for his return, accompanied by an officer of Richelieu's guards, or of the *Mousquetaires*.

"By a quarter to nine I shall be arrested; by nine o'clock I shall be in the Châtelet, and by to-morrow in the Bastille."

I shuddered and groaned alternately for

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the next minute—and groaning with a choke-pear in one's mouth is not easily accomplished.

Next I remembered that I had my own rash tongue to thank for the ropes about me. Had I held my peace, I might have been left free to proceed to the Rue du Bac, and warn Adeline and her father of what was about to take place. I could have gone calmly to the Bastille, afterwards, reassured by the vows which I knew my lady would utter, and—I thought—fulfil, to wait for me. She might have to wait a few years, but even the Cardinal de Richelieu could not live forever, and he was already old, and, in the end, I should be released, and we might still be happy together.

But to disappear in this fashion, as if the earth had consumed me—it was dreadful! She would not know that it was Castelroc's handiwork, and after she had mourned me for a few weeks—with that villain at hand to console her—who could say what might happen? Women, I told myself, were fickle things, and many had an unhealthy fancy for a profligate, especially when, like Castelroc, he chanced to be courtly, handsome, and gifted with a persuasive tongue.

As these thoughts paraded themselves tormentingly before my brain, I was nigh upon becoming mad with anger. In a paroxysm of rage I writhed like a wounded snake upon the polished floor, and rolled myself over and over, until I had almost broken my pinioned arms.

I paused at length in my futile struggles, and lay panting, on my back, staring stupidly at the hands of the timepiece, which now pointed to half-past eight. In another quarter of an hour Castelroc would return.

Oh, if I could only have that quarter of an hour free, so that I might yet go to the Rue du Bac!

Then the thought of escape suggested itself, and I was astonished that it had not occurred to me before. The next instant, however, I laughed inwardly—the choke-pear prevented me from laughing aloud—as I remembered how impossible it was. But I set myself to think.

If only I could release my hands! But how? I glanced about me. My sword lay on the ground, but I could devise no means of employing it.

Then my eyes alighted on the tapers that had been left burning, and my heart almost ceased to beat at the idea they suggested.

I glanced at the clock. It was already twenty-five minutes to nine. If only I had time. And at the thought I fell to cursing myself for not having acted sooner.

In ten minutes Castelroc would be back. Yes, but that was if he gained immediate audience. What if the Cardinal kept him waiting? He might spend a half-hour, an hour, or even two hours in the antechamber. Richelieu was not particular, and he had tried the patience of better men than Castelroc in this fashion.

Still, fortune favors fools and rogues as well as brave men, so that it would not do to build my hopes upon a moonbeam. Of ten minutes I was certain, and what a desperate man could do in ten minutes, I would do.

With the agility of a reptile I wriggled across the room, and having turned myself upon my face, I contrived to kneel. Next, with my chin upon the table, I strove to raise the weight of my body.

I had almost succeeded when of a sudden my feet slipped, and I fell heavily to the ground, dragging the table with me. Two of the tapers spluttered and went out, but the third, fortunately, still burned upon the floor.

With a wildly thumping heart I lay there listening, and wondering if the noise of my fall had attracted attention. But as all remained quiet, I crawled over to the lighted taper, and having gained my knees, I bent over it backwards, holding the rope that bound my wrists in the flame, heedless of the searing of my flesh.

In half a minute my hands were free, although severely cut and scorched. To draw the gag from my mouth, and cut the cords at my ankles with my dagger, was the work of an instant.

Then, having righted the candle and recovered my sword, I made stealthily across the room to the window.

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It wanted but twenty minutes to nine. I had but five minutes more.

I opened the window and looked out. It was a fine night and clear enough, although the moon had not yet risen, for which I was thankful.

I paused for a moment to inhale a deep, invigorating breath of the pure April air, then glanced about me for a means of escape.

I groaned as I beheld the street pavement a good forty feet beneath me, and saw nothing that might assist me to climb down, as I had hoped.

I wasted a full minute in cursing my ill-fortune, as I realized that, after all, there was nothing for it but to submit to the inevitable and remain.

Only three minutes left! The thought acted on me like a dagger prod, and served to quicken my tumultuous thoughts.

I turned wildly this way and that, and at last my eyes fastened upon the sloping roof of the adjoining house, not more than twelve feet below the window whereat I stood, but quite three feet away to the left.

For a moment I thought of jumping it; but the peril was too great, and I would of a certainty have been dashed to pieces. Then a bright thought occurred to me, and I rushed back for my cloak, which lay in the room.

I CLAWED THE ROOF LIKE A CAT, AND CAUGHT MYSELF BETIMES.

An iron stanchion protruded from the wall, a little to the left and some two feet below the window. I know not what it did there, nor for the moment did I care. It was already a quarter to nine.

Reaching out, I tied with trembling hands a corner of my cloak to that most *à propos* of stanchions. Even as I completed the task, a carriage came rumbling down the street; I felt myself grow cold with apprehension. Could this be Castelroc?

I went near to dropping from my perch on the window-sill at the thought. But the coach passed on, and I took its advent as a good omen. I would cheat the dog yet! And I verily believe that I laughed, as I lowered myself gently from the window.

For a moment I clung to the sill, suspended in mid-air; then, moving my right leg across, I got astride of the stanchion, wondering for the first time if it would bear my weight, and sweating with fear at the thought.

But the iron was stout and firmly planted, and presently I was sliding slowly down my cloak, until there was perhaps a yard of it above my head. Next, taking a firm hold, I set myself to swing backwards and forwards, until presently the roof of the adjoining house was immediately below my feet.

Twice might I have loosened my hold and dropped with safety, but a miserable fear made me hesitate each time until it was too late. The third time, however, realizing that the strain was beginning to tell upon my arms, and that I might not have strength enough left to swing across again, I commended my soul to God, and let go.

Down I came with a crash upon the tiles, and it is a miracle that I did not slide over the edge of the sloping roof, and take a plunge into eternity. I did, indeed, slip

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for a foot or so; but in wild terror I clawed the roof like a cat, and caught myself betimes.

Panting, and covered with perspiration, I lay there for a minute or two to regain my breath and steady my shaken nerves, gazing at my still dangling cloak, and at the lighted window above, and marvelling greatly that I had had the daring to undertake so desperate a journey.

Castelroc had not yet returned, so I concluded that the Cardinal had kept him waiting. Still, he might appear at any moment, and I was too near my prison to feel safe as yet.

So picking myself carefully up, I crawled along on hands and knees for a while, until presently, growing bolder with experience, I rose to my feet, and hurried as rapidly as I dared along that elevated highway.

For some five minutes I pushed steadily onward, with naught save a stray cat or two to keep me company; but in the end, albeit the road was passing new to me, and vastly interesting, I began to weary of it, and paused to think how I might descend to the more usual walks of men.

I had reached the corner of the Rue Trècart by then, and as I looked about me, I saw an attic window, conveniently situated on one of the roofs to my left.

Turning, I wended my steps in that direction, and with infinite pains I crawled down until I stood beside it.

The window was fastened; but it was an easy matter to put my foot through it, and afterwards my arm, and thus gain admittance.

I stood for a moment in the small, unfurnished room, to listen if there might be any one at hand to resent my intrusion. Hearing naught, I went forward, and having opened the door, passed out on to the landing, and in the dark I felt my way stealthily down the stairs.

I had reached the first floor, and was debating whether I should go boldly down and quit the house in a rational manner by the street door, when suddenly hearing male voices and a certain raucous laughter, suggestive of the bottle, I deemed it best to risk no meetings that might be avoided.

I applied my ear to the keyhole of the door by which I stood, and as all remained still, I turned the handle and entered. There was nobody in the room, which I could just discern was tastily furnished and contained a bed; so closing the door after me, I stole across to the window, which opened on to a wooden balcony.

As I reached it my attention was arrested by the clash of steel below.

"What?" I thought, "brawling at this hour, and in the very streets of Paris, in spite of the edicts?"

I DROPPED, WITH A YELL, INTO THEIR ASTONISHED MIDST.

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Softly I opened the window and stepped out on to the balcony. The sight which met my eyes filled me with astonishment and anger.

A tall, well-built cavalier, with his back against the wall immediately beneath me, the crown of his hat almost on a level with the balcony, which was not more than six feet from the ground, stood defending himself with masterly dexterity against the onslaught of three evil-looking knaves.

If these men had no respect for the laws of the king, they might at least have some for the laws of chivalry. I did not hesitate a moment what to do; I forgot my own affairs utterly, and drawing my sword I vaulted over the low wooden railings, and like the warrior St. Michael from heaven to do battle for the right, I dropped, with a yell, into their astonished midst.

CHAPTER III.

Nôtre Dame! How those three ruffians stared at my unexpected and inexplicable advent!

And I, having seen what manner of men they were, felt no compunction at profiting by their surprise to run my sword through the nearest of them, from breast to back. He uttered a sharp cry, dropped his rapier, and clawed the air for a moment; then, falling in a heap upon the ground, lay still.

With a shout of rage another one sprang at me before I could release my sword, and the lunge he directed upon me would assuredly have sent me from the world unshriven, had not the cavalier interposed his blade and turned the murderous stroke aside. The next instant, however, he had to defend his own skin from the third ruffian, who sought to take the same advantage of him that his fellow had endeavored to take of me.

But the respite had permitted me to regain my sword, and I now engaged my assailant across the body of his fallen comrade, and kept him busy, albeit the light was bad.

As I had expected, he was but a sorry swordsman, and his parries reminded one of a windmill; nevertheless, he kept up a vigorous cut-and-thrust play of the old Italian school, which, albeit soon reckoned with in daylight, is mighty discomposing in the dark, and on a slippery ground, with a body at your feet to stumble over if you lunge too far.

During the first few passes I laughed at his labors, and asked him banteringly if he were wielding a battle-axe; but presently, when I had been forced to turn my sword into a buckler three or four times, I recognized that the season was ill-timed for jesting.

If only I could catch that busy arm of his quiet for a second, I knew I should have him.

Presently he essayed a direct thrust, thinking to force my guard, but I caught his point, and with a sharp *riposte* which ended in an engage in *tierce*, I brought his play to a standstill at last.

The opportunity was not to be wasted; so with a quick, one, two stroke, I sent my point round under his elbow, and while he went fumbling away to the right for my blade, it was grating against his ribs on the left.

He fell heavily across his companion's body; then, raising himself by a stupendous effort, he fastened one arm around my leg, and attempted to shorten his sword; but the exertion overcame him, and as I kicked my leg free, he sank down in a swoon.

The whole affair had not lasted two minutes, and the cavalier was still at work with his opponent; but when, turning, I advanced to his aid, the remaining ruffian sprang back, and setting off at a mad gallop down the street, was soon lost to our eyes and ears alike.

"I am deeply indebted to you, Monsieur," said the cavalier, in a curiously muffled voice, as he held out his left hand to me. "My right hand is bleeding slightly," he explained.

I took the proffered hand, and as, answering him, I looked up at his face, I saw that he wore a mask.

"I am happy to have been of service to so valiant a gentleman," I answered,

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bowing; "but how came you, if I may inquire, into such company?"

"I was decoyed hither," he answered, with a bitter laugh. "I was bidden come alone, and I was foolish enough to accept the invitation."

Whereat, thinking that possibly there was some jealous lady in the matter, and knowing how such affairs are managed, I inquired no further.

"And had it not been for your timely arrival," my companion added, "there would have been an end of me by now. But whither are you bent?" he inquired suddenly.

"To the Rue du Bac," I answered, as my own forgotten affairs came back to my mind.

THE SERGEANT FELL BACK WITH A CRY OF DISMAY.

"Then I will take you there in my carriage; it is waiting not many yards from here. I can thus make up to you for the time that you have lost on my behalf. But let us see to these knaves first."

We turned the two fellows over. One of them was but slightly wounded; but the other one—the first to fall—was quite dead. We dragged them under the balcony, and propped them against the wall.

"I will send some one to attend to them," said my companion. "Come, it is not safe to linger, the patrol may pass at any moment."

With that he linked his arm in mine, and drew me away from the spot. And as we went he fell to thanking me again, and ended by praising my swordsmanship—albeit he had seen but little of it himself—and saying that it was an accomplishment one should be thankful for.

"And yet, Monsieur," I exclaimed, "although I am thankful enough to-night, since it has afforded me the opportunity of serving you, yet am I at this very moment in grievous trouble, thanks to my rapier-play."

"Ah!" he murmured, with a show of interest, "and if I am not impertinent, what is this trouble? I may be able to assist you—who knows?"

I required no second invitation, for youth is ever ready with its confidences, and, as we walked along, I began my narrative. When I spoke of Castelroc as a spy of Richelieu's, he stopped abruptly.

"The Marquis de Castelroc is no spy of the Cardinal's," he said coldly.

"Ah, pardon! I have offended you, Monsieur," I exclaimed. "Castelroc is a friend of yours."

"God forbid!" he ejaculated.

"But you know him?"

"Yes, for the greatest rogue unhung. But pursue your tale, you interest me."

Briefly I told my story down to the point

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where I had sprung from the balcony to his assistance.

"The dastard!" he muttered, then quickly added: "Hélos, my poor friend, your case is indeed grave; but if you were to seek audience of the Cardinal and explain to him—*qui sait?*—he might forgive. The affair is old and probably forgotten. Moreover, you appear to have been forced into this duel with Beausire, and, *ma foi*, I fail to see how a gentleman could have done otherwise than fight under such circumstances."

"Aye, Monsieur," I answered, shaking my head; "but the Cardinal will not trouble to inquire. His edicts forbid duelling—that is sufficient. But if more were needed—Beausire was his nephew."

"You misjudge him."

"Nay, Monsieur, I do not. I recognize in His Eminence a great and just man, too just to err on the side of mercy."

At that juncture we turned the corner and walked full into a patrol coming in the opposite direction.

My companion surprised me by bidding the sergeant go attend to the wounded man we had left behind.

"Has there been a duel?" the fellow inquired.

"Possibly," answered the cavalier, with great composure.

The sergeant eyed us suspiciously for a moment, then bade us return with him.

"We have business elsewhere, and the affair does not concern us," answered my companion.

"I know not that—" the other began, when suddenly,

"Peace, fool!" the cavalier muttered, and drawing forth his right hand, which he had said was wounded, and hitherto kept carefully under his cloak, he held it up.

I knew not what magic was in those fingers, but at the sight of them the sergeant fell back with a cry of dismay; then, recovering himself, he bowed low before us, and bade us pass.

A moment later, and before I could master my surprise at what I had witnessed, we entered a carriage that stood waiting hard by.

"Palais Cardinal!" said my companion.

"No, no!" I exclaimed, making for the door; but the coach was already in motion. I turned to expostulate with my companion. He had removed his mask, and a wild panic seized me as, by the light of a street lamp, I recognized—the Cardinal!

"Well, my young friend," he laughed, "you are in luck to-night; and since you have caught Richelieu breaking his own edicts, you have a right to expect that he will not judge you over harshly, and that for once this 'great and just man' *will* err on the side of mercy."

"Your Eminence!" I cried.

He raised his hand, upon which I now beheld the sacred amethyst which had so subjugated the sergeant.

"Say no more," he said; "you owe me nothing, while *I* owe you my life. As for this Castelroc, I am sorry to keep you from Mademoiselle de la Haudraye for a few moments longer; but I shall be grateful if you will afford me the amusement of beholding his face when we walk in, arm in arm, to grant him the audience for which he is, no doubt, still awaiting. I know the gentleman of old; he was involved in a Gascon plot last winter, and had a finger in one of Anne of Austria's tasty pies a few weeks ago. I have been lately thinking of finding him a change of lodging, and your story has decided me. I do not think a sojourn in the Bastille would be amiss, do you?"

I confessed with a laugh that I did not, and a few minutes later Richelieu's fancy for studying facial expression found ample entertainment in the countenance of the Marquis.

As ten was striking—so quickly did it all occur—Castelroc and I left the Palais Cardinal in separate carriages, he going to the Bastille with a mounted escort, and I—at last—to the Rue du Bac.

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PICTURE PREACHING

By C. Montgomery M'Govern.

Excursion trains and the immense popularity and ever-growing cheapness of the bicycle have, no doubt, been a source of honest pleasure to thousands. But like nearly everything else, these delights have also their darker side. They are the bane of our clergymen, and the primary cause of that poor attendance of our churches which is so general a complaint nowadays. The clergy have put their heads seriously together, and many suggestions and attempts have been made so as to render the church service more attractive than it has hitherto been.

Perhaps the most successful of these attempts was that of the Rev. W. Carlile, a clergyman working in the East End of London. This courageous and enterprising gentleman not only introduced a fine magic lantern and a brass band into his church, but held lectures on all manner of topical subjects, beautifully illustrated with magic-lantern slides, and gave solo trombone performances from his pulpit. Mr. W. Carlile indeed deserved the success he earned. So crowded was the church that hundreds had to be turned away; the excursion trains, the bicycle, and the saloon were forgotten.

A less sensational but even more interesting scheme for filling poorly attended places of worship has been tried with surprising success by the Calvary Baptist Church of Brooklyn. This building was erected some four years ago in a non-church-going neighborhood, and, although no expense was spared to make it of more than ordinary attractiveness, for a long time a full house was the exception rather than the rule. The trustees secured the best music and the hardest-working pastors, but still the people would not come to church.

At this point a young clergyman came from a small country town, and offered to build up a big congregation immediately if the trustees would let him have his own way. "My plan," the young minister said, "is to catch the people's eye by drawing pictures for them, and while I am

MR. NEEDHAM'S PLAN IS TO HOLD THE PEOPLE'S ATTENTION BY DRAWING PICTURES FOR THEM.

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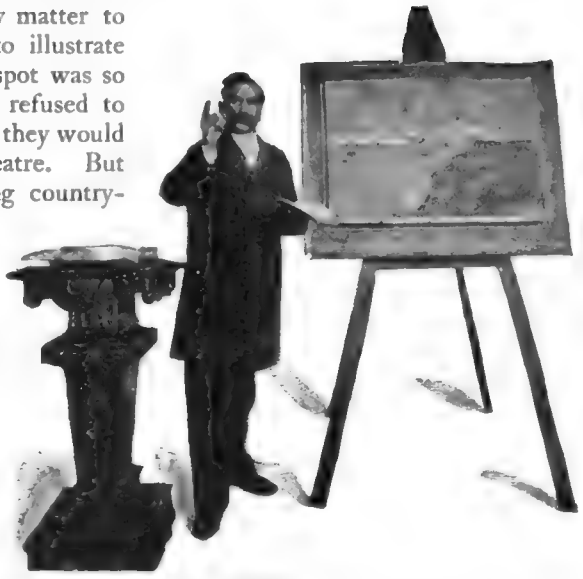
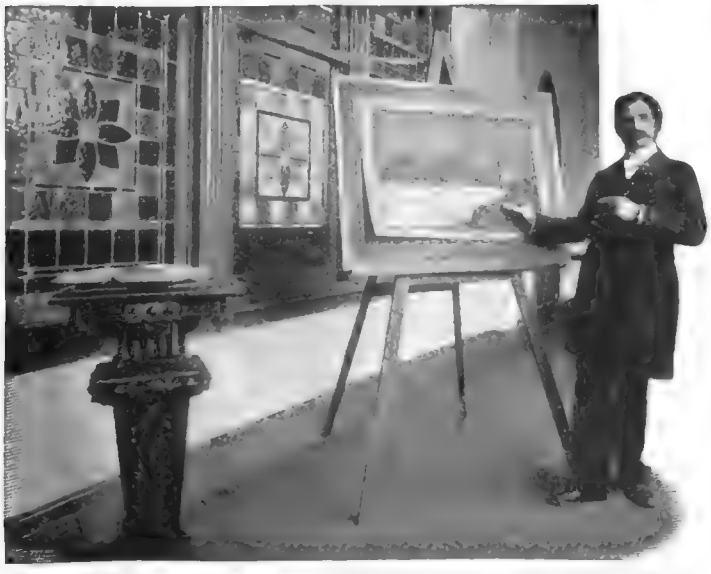
holding their eyes it will be an easy matter to reach their ears." The proposal to illustrate sermons by drawings made on the spot was so utterly unheard of that the trustees refused to listen to it at first on the ground that they would be accused of running a Sunday theatre. But the earnest persistence of the young countryman won the day, and he was appointed pastor temporarily.



THIS SKETCH WAS TO ILLUSTRATE A SERMON ON THE CRUCIFIXION.

It was on a New Year's evening that the picture sermon was first tried upon a congregation. The holiday kept half the regular congregation away, and the half that did come were there from idle curiosity more than anything else. But they who were present experienced a sensation. Although the sermon was in no wise intended as a "revival," there were more than a score of people who stood up and testified to their conversion through the pictures made before their eyes. The following Sunday the church was crowded. Two weeks later people were turned away. More seating accommodation was procured, but in two months even these could not hold all the people who clamored to become members of the congregation.

Conversions by the picture sermons became so numerous that other churches sent in requests for the assistance of the pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church. He acceded to many of these, and the effect everywhere was like magic—the churches were packed and the conversions countless. And now there is not a better known or more popular clergyman in Brooklyn than the Rev. William E. Needham. Already ordained clergymen cannot, of course, follow his example, as they have not the artistic training; but many young theological students have written to Mr. Needham to say that in addition to their other studies they are taking up art in order to become, like him, artist-preachers.



THE PICTURES ARE DRAWN WITH VARI-COLORED CRAYONS. HERE THE MINISTER IS MAKING A SKETCH OF THE SERPENT IN THE WILDERNESS.

"To say that the next generation of clergymen will have a goodly number of 'picturists' is not to make a rash statement," says the original minister.

To get the full benefit of a picture ser-

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mon one must see it and hear it personally.

It is not the mere pictures that interest the audience—that is, not the fineness of them from an artistic point of view—for all of them are made within from one to three minutes each.

The rapidity of the clergyman's crayons —they are in all colors—the forcible way in which they carry the story of the sermons to the minds of his hearers, and the impressions which they leave upon their minds, continue to do good long after the ordinary sermon would have ceased to be remembered.

THE DRAWINGS ARE WONDERS OF RAPIDITY AND EFFECTIVENESS COMBINED.

I think that I will never forget the tremendous outburst of feeling among the audience at a seaside church some time ago, where Mr. Needham was assisting a famous song-preacher in a "service of song." It was being held for the purpose of collecting funds for missionary work. The sermon being over, Mr. Needham placed a fresh sheet of cardboard upon his easel, and, while the singer began the strains of a well-known hymn, Mr. Needham drew in two minutes a most realistic picture of a ship sinking at sea, with the hands of a hundred passengers held up in piteous appeal. "Throw out the life-line," he labelled the finished picture. "Throw out the life-line" was the title of the hymn, and "throw out the life-line" the audience certainly did, for the collection taken up was the largest in the history of that particular church.

The pulpit occupied by Mr. Needham is of the conventional sort. To the left of it is the large easel, upon which is suspended a drawing-board with a gilt frame. Half a dozen sheets of cardboard are laid one on top of the other upon this drawing-board, and as each picture is finished it is torn off and taken away by the sexton.

Opening the Bible at the chapter he has chosen, the artist-preacher announces his text, and while he begins his sermon in the usual manner he picks up a piece of black crayon and draws one or two lines across the paper as he talks. Different colored crayons follow one another, the preacher only pausing now and then to face his congregation by way of emphasizing his illustrations.

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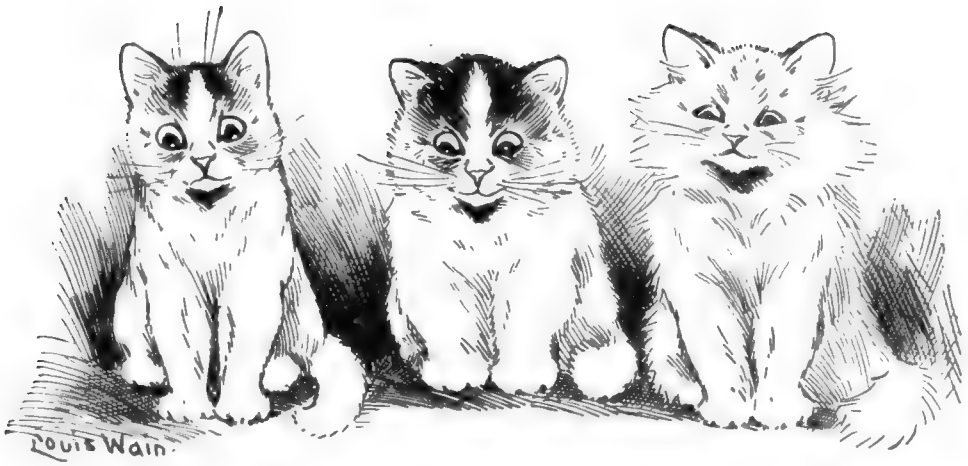
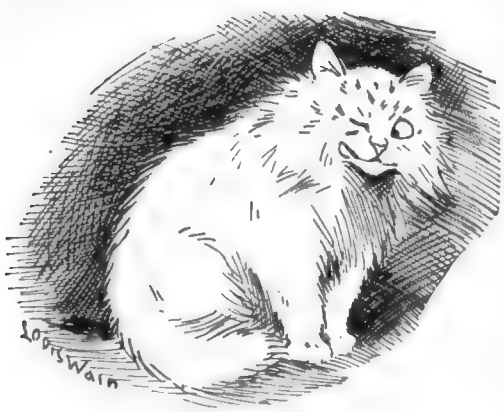


IN PRAISE OF CATS.

By Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D.

The reason why domestic pussies are, generally speaking, favorites with man-

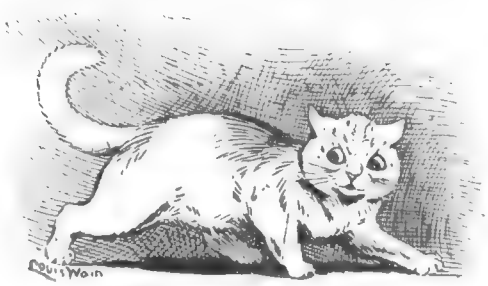


"WELL!"

kind is sufficiently apparent from the graceful sketches by Mr. Louis Wain, which these imperfect remarks are designed to accompany; and it may appear inexpedient and improper to go further, for does not Newton admonish us that we should not allege more causes than are requisite to explain the phenomena?

Nevertheless, it is impossible to resist the conviction that in naming pussy's beauty and elegance, even if her modest utility to man be thrown in, all has not been said, and that her claims to notice are other and deeper than may be equally possessed by a squirrel or a marmoset, in one point of view, or (begging her pardon for the illustration) a pig in another. In a word, that she is an Asian mystery, perhaps an African.

If this be indeed the case, and due note be also taken of her personal attractions, pussy can base her claims upon two sayings of the immortal Goethe, after Shakespeare the wisest of poets. Goethe instructs us that a special interest attaches to those who give the world nuts to crack, enigmatic characters. There are persons and there are actions to which, let the historical explorer do what he will, a residuum of mystery will always cling, and this is the salt wherewith they are salted for im-



"WHAT IS IT? ME-EOW!"

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A POSSIBLE INTERFERENCE.

mortality. To dispel it would be their ruin. All the actions of William Rufus put together do not in our day excite half the interest of the insoluble problem, whether his death in the New Forest was accidental or designed. Gustavus Adolphus was a greater hero than Wallenstein; the latter eminent man, indeed, could well have been spared by the world. But could the poet, the romancer, the astrologer, have spared him? Decidedly not; from their point of view, he is more interesting than his heroic adversary, the deliverer of Germany, who has left us but one problem, which would have been solved if he had lived a year longer. But the motives and machinations of Wallenstein are all mystery, the more inscrutable if, as some think, they were a mystery to himself. Puss is the Wallenstein of the animal creation; everything behind her is mystery, intensified by the disquieting doubt which sometimes intrudes whether there is anything behind her at all.

This element of obscurity, provocative of investigation and reflection, adheres not only to pussy's psychology and the mysterious operations of her feline mind, but to the history of her relations with man. One of the latter class of problems, indeed, she divides with her rival, the more valuable, and ethically superior, but more prosaic dog.

How is it that dogs, originally as wild as any other quadrupedal creature, have become so universally tame that one must almost go to Australia to find a wild one; while wolves, foxes, and jackals, but slightly differentiated from the dog by physical characteristics, remain wholly undomesticable?

Why does no animal of the cat tribe—pussy herself, and to a very slight degree the chetah or hunting leopard, excepted—manifest, at least beyond the age of kittenhood, the smallest sign of docility?

The cat's small size, rendering her predatory inclinations comparatively innocuous, and disposing her to seek the protection of man, offers an explanation to some extent; yet other members of her tribe are but little larger, and the smallest of any after herself, the wild cat, is the fiercest and most untamable of all. Under what circumstances did the *rapprochement* of man and

"WHO IS IT?"

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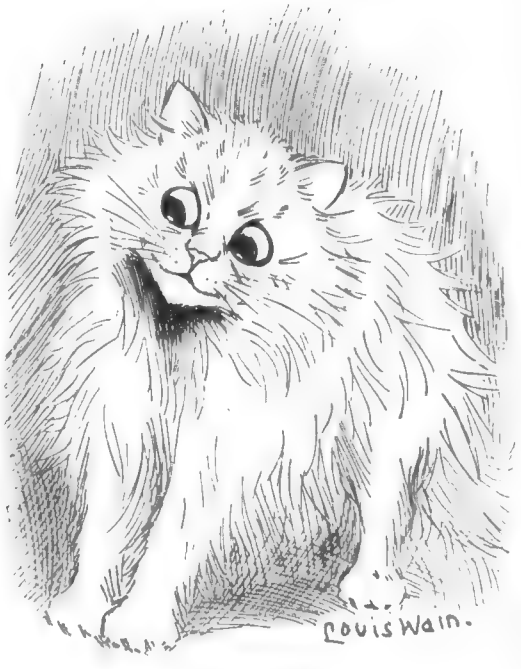
cat first take place? Did the cat resort to man, or did man invite the cat? Perhaps they met half-way. It is a pleasing thought that children may have been the mediators. The poet, in imagining a future age of innocence and universal felicity, depicts:

> The babe before his mother's door
> Sharing his morning's meal
> With the green and golden basilisk
> That comes to lick his feet.

Similarly, in a primitive age of the world, less questionable visitors than basilisks, namely pussies, may have wandered into the tents or cabins of the period in quest of mice, and subsequently, indicating their desire for liquid refreshment in the manner of that distinguished member of their species, the heroine of that charming story of Grimm's—the German analogue of Whittington and his Cat—may have been presented by the compassionate and sympathetic children of the household with milk in shells, *αντι κυπελλων μηπω φαινομενων* (my dear young readers, make your brothers tell you what this means; they will *so* enjoy it). Puss thereupon, discovering that the milk, though probably only goat's milk, was better and more abundant than the woods and wilds could afford, would have a strong motive to take up her abode with the hospitable family, and the children would mediate successfully between her and the parents. Lucretius says that all refinement comes from children, and perhaps he is not wrong.



"HOW DO YOU DO?"

However this may be, the cat speedily obtained a distinguished position among the ancient Egyptians. If we knew precisely when she first appeared upon the monuments we should be able to fix the date of this public and national recognition. There is some reason to believe that it was under the Twelfth Dynasty, about 2,300 B.C.; if so, at one of eminent national glory and prosperity.

To a right-minded person the question why the Egyptian deified the cat will present no difficulties; persons otherwise minded have found many. Individuals unable to perceive its congruity with the general fitness of things inevitably require reasons, which are not altogether so easy to supply as the genuine cat-lover might expect. Is it really the fact that if pussy is kept in an equable light the pupils of her eyes expand or contract in sympathy with the age of the moon, which occasioned her to be regarded as an emblem of that luminary? Utility can hardly have been the reason, although we must beware of measuring pussy's utility to the Pharaohs by our contracted notions; for if a famous mural picture still in existence represents a scene from real life, either the Egyptian cats were more docile than ours, or their masters were more ingenious. There a fowler is represented as ably assisted by his cat, who, while she drags one bird down with her mouth, carries two others under her arm. Her place in Egyptian art is more particularly that of the visible representative of the goddess Pasht,

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from whose name our puss may be thought to be derived. Pasht wears a cat's head, and as she herself represents the moon the explanation of the feline apotheosis we have given above is the rather confirmed and fortified. The popularity of the cat seems to have reflected back upon the goddess, for of no deity are there more numerous effigies extant than of this whiskered one.

On leaving the mystic land of Egypt problems crowd upon us. How could the Greeks, with their refined taste, and the Romans, with their practical sense, neglect so charming and serviceable an animal? How could they prefer to have their mousing done by a weasel or a marten, a beast not much better than a polecat? *Did* they, in fact, neglect her? Sir George Lewis almost proves that they did; and is backed up by the comic poet Anaxandrides, who, about 340 B.C., anticipated the modern proverb,

A CAT ASLEEP, BUT WITH EARS AND WHISKERS WIDE AWAKE.

A CAT WITH EYES WIDE AWAKE, BUT EARS AND WHISKERS ASLEEP.

"You can have no more of a cat than her skin."

Philology is hostile, History silent, but what says Art? Has Sir George Lewis sufficiently perpended the beautiful bronze Athenian candelabrum of the fourth century B.C., on which cats are represented chasing mice, both expressed to the life? On later works of Art we cannot much rely, for the Pompeiian mosaic of a cat devouring a bird may be copied from an Alexandrian work; and in the Gallic reliefs of a century or two later it is doubtful whether the animal intended is a cat or a young panther.

We cannot feel on firm ground until we reach the time of Justinian, about 530 A.D., when the epigrams of the Byzantine poets leave no doubt of pussy's acclimatization; nor, alas! of her sanguinary and mischievous propensities. At the same period, however, having advanced westward, she was conferring blessings upon the people of Wales. The enactments of Howel the Good

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"HOW IT SPUTTERS!"

for her protection are well known; but it is not so well known that, at the very same time, the sages of Ireland were making laws to restrain her thievish inclinations, enacting that a cat caught stealing is to be hanged, unless she can prove that she erred "in the excitement of mousing," in which case she is to be acquitted. This unique legislation is actually to be found in the "Brehon Code," edited by Mr. Eugene O'Curry.

Puss, therefore, trots into the Middle Ages with all her mysteries about her still unsolved, and unsolved they still are, and she remains everlastingly interesting on their account, a *Problematische Natur*, according to Goethe. For she is an Oriental, and a late comer into our European world. Like the Jews and the Gipsies, she is among us without being wholly of us. More adaptable to our civilization than the gipsy, she yet comes to us somewhat as the gipsy comes to average respectable life, with her Oriental suppleness and Oriental stubbornness; her occult pretensions, dubious but picturesque; her independence and unwillingness to employ herself in any way but her own, coupled with a lively apprehension on which side her bread is buttered; her larcenous propensities and exemption from the ordinary rules of morality. As in the gipsy, there is something in the cat that rebukes us. We would not change places with either. We feel, and justly feel, that our civilization is the higher; yet, when in contact with them, we cannot but be conscious of a certain comparative coarseness in our own fibre, and a certain element of distinction in theirs. Such perceptions exercised the philosopher when

"Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complained she thought him but an ass."

From the other side they are admirably expressed in Emerson's lines, put into the mouth of a gipsy:

"The wild air bloweth in our lungs,
The keen stars twinkle in our eyes,
The birds gave us our wily tongues,
The panther in our dances flies.

"You doubt we read the stars on high,
Nathless we read your fortunes true;
The stars may bide in the upper sky,
But without glass we fathom you."

If puss did, indeed, as he thought, fathom Montaigne, whom cannot she fathom?

We have said that the culture of pussies rests upon yet another saying of the immortal Goethe, simple, yet of deepest mo-

STUDYING WORMS IN THE GARDEN.

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ment: "We should encourage the Beautiful, for the Useful encourages itself."

If any detractor of pussy points out that she is not to be numbered among the particularly useful animals, and does not, indeed, in this point of view, greatly transcend the level of a mousetrap, she crushes the Philistine utilitarian by the triumphant retort that it is precisely this which renders her a test and gauge of human civilization.

Dogs, horses, cattle, even pigs and poultry, are tended and kept in good care, because this is conducive to their master's interest; but the measure of the well-being of the cat is the measure of the national refinement. If any imperfectly civilized nations—such as the Turks—make much of the cat, it is always found that these are distinguished by an innate politeness. In the ancient empires of China and Japan, models of good breeding for untold ages, she has always asserted a position of distinction and dignity.

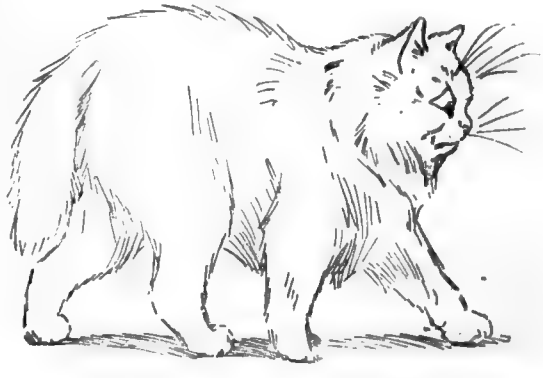
LITTLE MISS PRIM.

About the time of Edward the Confessor, when England lay buried in barbarism, a Japanese cat of extraordinary merit was, as we are informed by a contemporary historian, elevated to the fourth order of nobility. Throughout the Middle Ages, as there is abundant evidence, the status of the cat was far from what it is now. Her utility was insufficient to impress the popular mind, and the graces of her deportment were unperceived. But she has continued to rise in proportion with the development of the comities and elegances of life, and the two most highly civilized nations, England and France, are distinctly in the van.

CURIOSITY.

As manifestations of the Beautiful, cats necessarily appeal to artists. The imperfect recognition of their claims in the Middle Ages, nevertheless, operated adversely to them in the world of Art.

The representatives of the feline race in the Dutch and Italian paintings are often painfully deficient in charm, indicating that the artists had no access to superior models. Not till our time, when every type of cathood has reached the highest perfection, can artists achieve the task which baffled even that gifted man, Gottfried Mind, "the Cats' Raphael," solely acquainted as he was with the unimproved Swiss type. This honorable title would be more fitly bestowed upon Madame Ronniger, upon



"WHAT IS IT? A RAT OR A DOG?"

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"WHAT DOES A BIRD-CAGE WANT WITH BARS?"

Mr. Couldery, upon Mr. Louis Wain, whose sketches make the charm of this paper, which would not have existed without them. How delightful they are in their perfect sympathy with the subject! How intelligent in their appreciation of the varying moods of the feline mind! How thoroughly grounded upon accurate observation! What energy of movement, what agitated mental workings in the scampering pussy that has overset the inkbottle! What drollery in the kitten quarrelling with the candle, or investigating the nature of worms! The sleeping pussy with wide-awake whiskers is a study; but of all our favorite is the cat reaching after the black-beetle, where caution and curiosity are so intimately fused that it is impossible to declare which of the two predominates. And the beetle, how stolidly he pursues his way, unaware that he is an object of interest to a superior mind!

The pictorial, of course, is not the only art which has afforded scope for the delineation of feline characteristics. A goodly collection of poems relating to cats was published a few years ago. Good as it is, it might be more copious, and when it is republished, room will no doubt be made, among other pieces, for a recently recovered juvenile poem of Thomson's, part of which we give here, both for its own des-

"OF WHAT USE ARE BANK NOTES?"

ert and to reveal to our readers a use they may never have imagined for the beautiful and lately revived art of embroidery.

"DINNER, PLEASE."

LISY'S PARTING WITH HER CAT.*

"See where mournful Puss, advancing, stood,
With outstretched tail, cast looks of anxious woe
On melting Lisy, in whose eye the tear
Stood tremulous, and thus would fain have said,
If Nature had not tied her struggling tongue:

* Compare George Eliot's "How Lisa loved the King." "A Cat may look at a King!"

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'Unkind, O who shall now with fattening milk,
With flesh, with bread, and fish beloved, and meat,
Regale my taste? and at the cheerful fire
Ah! who shall bask me in their downy lap?
Who shall invite me to the bed, and throw
The bedclothes o'er me in the wintry night,
When Eurus roars? Beneath whose soothing hand
Soft shall I purr? But now, when Lisy's gone,
What is the dull officious world to me?
I loathe the thoughts of life.' Thus plained the cat."

Lisy echoes the lamentations of her companion, but presently finds a sweet consolation, of which none but a poet would have thought:

"Yet we must part—so rigid fate decrees—
But never shall your loved idea, dear,
Part from my soul, and when I first can mark
The embroidered figure on the snowy lawn,
Your image shall my needle keen employ."

This surpasses Penelope, who is not recorded to have depicted Ulysses in her web, and, if she did, immediately pulled him to pieces.

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THE GIPSIES.

By Don Perdix.

Who are they; where did they originate; how came they so dispersed; what past have they had, and what is their relation to the present or the future? These are questions far more easily asked than answered. Their characteristics lie within the domain of knowledge; but otherwise, no nation or class of people is surrounded by such doubt and uncertainty. They have been the world's ethnographical mystery, and they are still a most dimly understood and inexplicable race. But for these very reasons they have a kind of fascination for us.

Until comparatively lately nothing has been known of the origin of this strange people. There have been profound guesses, but no real facts. The Gipsies themselves have no recorded history. They are wholly ignorant of their own source. They claim no place or time for their beginning or development, and seem without any belief, or care even, about it, or as to whom, or how, or why, or from where they were scattered or dispersed.

That they are Orientals is beyond question. But as to the quarter of the East which first contained them, or as to the age that first saw them, there have been, in the past, many opinions which have proved unfounded, and are now generally abandoned. Some have believed and taught that they were of Median origin, some of Slavic, and some of Turanian or Turkish. Others have regarded Egypt as their original home, and have cited in support of this theory that the word "Gipsy" is a corruption of the word "Egyptian."

But modern research has shown that the Gipsies were as distinctly foreigners in Egypt as they were in Europe. They received the name Gipsies, in the western world, doubtless from the supposition that they came from Egypt, which they unquestionably did when they made their appearance there; but they came as wanderers through Egypt, and as from a way station, perhaps, and not as from their original abode. It was also cited that they sometimes called themselves "Pharaohons," as though this implied that their home had been in the land of the Pharaohs, and not that it could indicate only their temporary connection there.

The name that they more usually applied to themselves was "Romani;" and this was for a time thought to indicate that their origin was in Roumania and that their appellation was thus derived; but it probably could only show that they had a stopping place there, even if "Romani" was thus derived, which is not usually accepted.

Ethnologists are beginning to have a fairly well united belief that India was the original home of the Gipsies. They think that they can trace this probability from their language, which contains many Hindu words, and because they have something of the same Hindu superstitions. And they argue farther from the fact that the Gipsies sometimes call themselves "Roma-Sinte" as well as "Romani." "Roma," it is claimed, means "men," and "Sinte" is only another spelling of "Scinde" or "Scind;" and Scinde or Scind is the name of a region through which the River Indus flows in India. Thus Roma-Sinte may mean "Men of India."

They also allege that there are at present certain low, obscure people in India which resemble the Gipsies, and have about the same habits, customs, and occupations. These menial tribes are there called Dom or Doms, words from which Rom, Roma, and Romani can be readily traced, all meaning "men," as does the word Romani. It is said that the Europeans in India call these people Gipsies, from their resemblance to the Gipsies with whom they are familiar at home. But we cannot farther enter upon these and other arguments or theories adduced in favor of this claimed fact of origin.

However, assuming it as a well-supported theory, or even fact, what can be

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said as to their departure from India, and subsequent dispersion?

The best supported probability is that they were driven out by a wild Mongolian invasion of India; perhaps, and even quite likely, by the invasion of Genghis Khan, as late as the early part of the thirteenth century, say about 1224 A.D. But there is some evidence that this expulsion may have been earlier. There are dim glimpses of Gipsies wandering in the East some centuries earlier—not of proof, perhaps, but of some reliability. And there were invasions of India by the Mongols prior to that of Genghis Khan.

Whatever the truth may be about all this, there is little doubt that from India, at some time, these masses began to wander about in certain parts of the East, many of them into Egypt; and that from there they found their way into Southeastern Europe. This appears from many words now found in their language, picked up among the Greek-speaking peoples of that region. Without doubt great obscurity prevails, and we strike no authentic records till we reach the year 1417, when an organized band of these Gipsies appeared in Germany. Five years later they are found in Italy. By 1427 quite a company appeared in Paris, and, as the years went on, they were found all over Europe, and in many parts of Asia and Africa, sometimes in considerable numbers, but generally in smaller wandering bands, everywhere offensive and detested, and for centuries the victims of the severest legal enactments—banished, sent to the galleys, and sometimes executed without trial—but ever increasing and more widely scattering. At home nowhere and everywhere, quick of change, subtle and crafty in eluding laws—a hated, suffering people.

The Scottish kings first began to afford them some little protection, and the Germans followed. Later Maria Theresa made many efforts to collect, reclaim, and settle them. There are now more Gipsies in Austria-Hungary than in any other country, and the existence they lead almost approaches a settled life. In the main, however, they are homeless wanderers, without friends, roaming the world through the centuries, unchanged in manners, customs, and visage—a rude multitude of Oriental nomads.

Why do they exist? And yet nothing dissolves or extirpates them. Their broken bands wander, each the route dictated by chance, seeming to ignore any collective existence, yet in ways mysterious, but infallible, preserving a solidarity almost sacred. Impassive, indifferent, sharing nothing with other peoples, they allow the ages to pass, and the world to progress, unaffected. Held together how? No annals, registries, faith, or law; but obstinately preserving their superstitions, misery, and liberty. Their degradation does not humiliate them. They are proud under their designations of "Egyptian Rogues;" "Wandering Heathen;" "Black Indians;" "Robbers," and "Thieves." They laugh at the world, scorning its ambitions, experiences, and labors. Can it be that they have any inner consciousness of power that will sometime unfold and speak? Are there lofty qualities possibly concealed under what is so indomitable, intractable, and inexplicable? They have, through the ages, afforded a few noble types. There have been some unmistakable geniuses among them. They have a wonderfully spontaneous musical instinct. Perhaps the most distinguished violinists that have lived had Gipsy blood. We have had, and now have, in this country, some high musical exponents; and yet the Gipsies have not been numerous with us. It has been doubted whether a band of full-blooded Gipsies ever emigrated to this country; but individual Gipsies are not infrequent, and organized collections of more or less Gipsy blood certainly exist here. Gipsy family names are considerably numerous, though less so than in England. Intermarrying has not been uncommon. It may largely increase in the future, and the world may yet absorb this hitherto almost miraculously distinct people. But whether so or not, and how they are to affect the future, or what is to be their ultimate destiny, remains as yet one of the unsolvable enigmas in which they have ever lived and moved.

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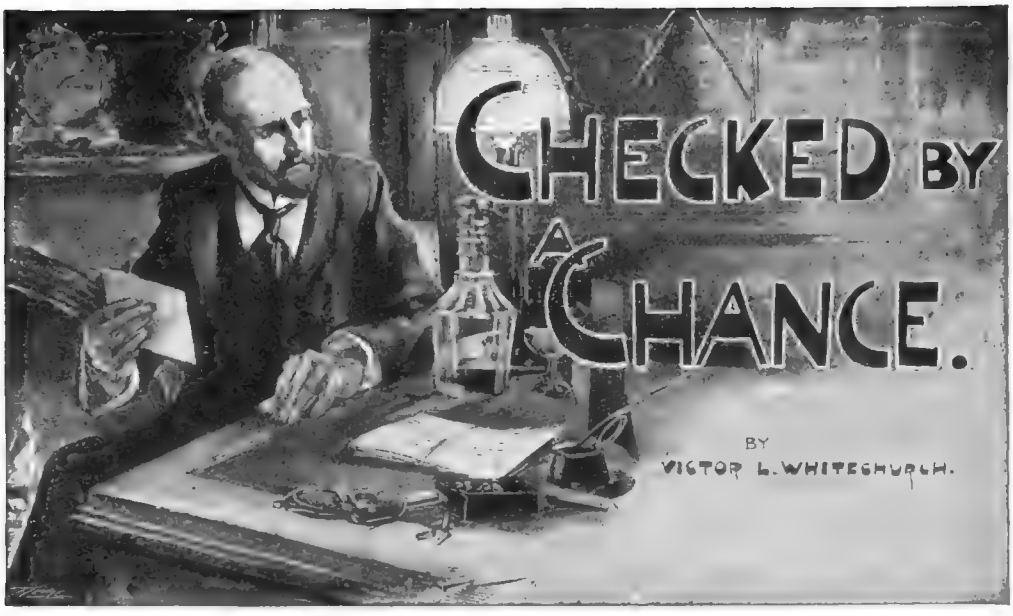

Mr. Gerald Bardwell sat at his study table facing a pile of documents and a decanter of port, from which he had just poured out a fresh glass. To look at, there was nothing extraordinary about him, for Mr. Gerald Bardwell was an eminent type of his profession—a well-to-do business man, a "successful financier," slightly bald, with thin sandy-colored hair and closely cropped whiskers, a tightly pursed-up mouth that told you at once it had formed a determination never to disclose unwarily the secrets of its master, pale, steely eyes that betokened the shrewd, mathematical mind within, a forehead furrowed with the lines of financial calculations. Set and unsympathetic was Mr. Bardwell's face as he slowly and methodically went through the papers lying before him and sorted them into the pigeon-holes and drawers of his study table.

Yes, Mr. Gerald Bardwell, of the highly respected firm of "Bardwell & Co., 19 Wall Street," was shrewdly and quietly making up his accounts.

His last accounts. In the pile of papers and old diaries upon his table might be read the balance-sheet of his life, a balance-sheet only known to himself. And a very ugly balance-sheet it was, too. Many a man on 'Change would have lost his admiration for the great financier could he have seen a few of its items. It was just as well that Mr. Bardwell had managed to keep them to himself all these years, but now the time had come which he had been anticipating for several months, the time when he could no longer prevent his life's balance-sheet becoming public property, the time when the world would at length know him as a failure—a dishonest, fraudulent failure.

He was alone in the house—the large detached house which he had purchased a year before as a suburban residence. That very day he had dismissed his servants—peremptorily, with a twenty-dollar bill to each. Perhaps they had gathered some idea of the state of things. But of that he cared nothing now. He was only determined that the last act of the drama of life should have no audience.

There was a blazing fire in the grate, and the charred paper scattered around it told of wholesale destruction of documents. Every now and then he tossed a fresh consignment into the flames and watched them burn with a grim smile.

At length only one little packet of pa-

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pers remained. The rest had either been sorted or destroyed.

He tossed off a glass of port and looked at them.

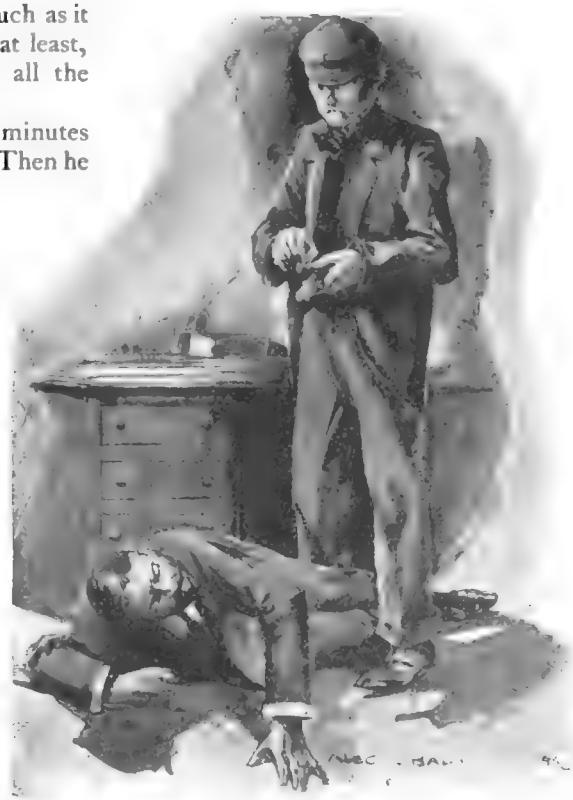
"Ah, well," he soliloquized, "these are the worst of all. They're bad—very bad. Many a man's in prison now for less than this. . . . What would my friends say if they saw *these* flaming in the newspapers, and Gerald Bardwell in the dock? Well—the world won't spare me much as it is, curse it; but, at least, I'll do it out of all the scandal I can."

He sat for a few minutes deep in thought. Then he glanced at the clock.

"A quarter past two. It's time it was over. It'll be daylight in a few hours' time."

He unlocked a drawer and took out a revolver and a box of cartridges.

"I shall only want one," he remarked grimly as he selected a single cartridge and loaded one chamber of the weapon with it.



THE BURGLAR STANDING OVER HIM CHARGING HIS REVOLVER.

Then he laid it down on the table, drank another glass of wine, took a blank sheet of paper and began to write. When he had finished he took the paper into his hand and read thus:

I am about to take my life because I see no possible chance of extricating myself from embarrassments which I know must in a few days' time become public, and I have no wish to be a witness to my own ruin. You are in possession of my will and other papers. The former will be of no use, for I die a bankrupt, and there is nothing to leave. Kindly destroy the latter.

He signed this letter and then directed an envelope to his solicitor. He was just about to blot it, when a sudden sound startled him. He listened a moment. Yes—some one was in the house.

The instinct of curiosity mastered all else for the time. Silently he turned out the gas. The fire was by this time reduced to embers, and the room was almost in darkness.

He could hear distinctly a footstep in the passage outside. Mechanically he grasped his revolver in his hand, gazed toward the door through the gloom, and waited. Nearer and nearer came the stealthy tread; then the door opened and a streak of light appeared. Wider still, and Gerald Bardwell, partly hidden behind the desk table, saw the figure of a man, holding a small lantern, entering the room.

For a moment or two the intruder did not discover that he was not alone; in fact, he had advanced well into the middle of the room before the ray of his bull's-eye lantern fell upon the nickel-plated revolver pointing at him. He gave a start, hesitated a moment, and turned.

"Stand still," cried Bardwell, "or I'll shoot!"

At the sound of his voice the burglar immediately paused in his flight, and flashed his lantern on the face of his opponent. A cry of astonishment broke from his lips,

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a strange cry of malicious astonishment, and he slowly advanced toward Bardwell, keeping the light steadily fixed upon his face.

The latter raised his weapon slightly, so as to get it in a line with the burglar's head, and pulled the trigger.

"Click!" That was all.

He had forgotten that he had only put one cartridge in, and that he had not yet brought the loaded chamber into its firing position.

"Ah!" cried the intruder. "Not loaded, eh?"

With a spring he was on him, and before Bardwell knew what was happening, he felt the revolver wrenched out of his grasp and himself sent sprawling on the floor with a blow between his eyes. So sudden was the attack and so well delivered the blow that it rendered him senseless for a minute or two. When he picked himself up he found that the burglar had re-lit the gas, and was standing over him charging the revolver with cartridges.

"This is a most unexpected meeting, Mr. Bardwell," he said coolly.

"Who are you?" exclaimed the other. "Leave my house before I ring for my servants to give you in charge."

"Rather superfluous," replied the burglar, with a laugh. "I've made a tour of your premises, and there doesn't appear to be any one in the house except yourself. I'd no idea *you* lived here when I came in, but I assure you it's a great pleasure to meet you—alone."

"Who are you?" gasped Bardwell, looking at the man before him, a strong, muscular figure, with a cap that was drawn deeply over his face and hid his features. "What do you want?"

"Sit down!" exclaimed the other, motioning him to a chair.

Gerald Bardwell obeyed. The man with the revolver stood over him, keeping it pointed at him.

"You want to know who I am and what I want? You shall. I'm a social outcast—a thief—a burglar. I broke into this house to-night little knowing who was the owner of it, and now I find my luck—good or bad—has placed me face to face with the man who made me what I am, with the man who ruined my life a score of years ago, who brought me to disgrace and starvation, and killed my wife with the burden of it; who, to conceal his own vile deeds—deeds which I alone knew—slandered and persecuted me—me, an innocent man—as a forger and a thief, after laying a cunningly designed trap to catch me—who has made me the felon that I am now—without hope—without sense of shame. Mr. Bardwell, I think you know me now, don't you?"

And he tossed his cap to the ground and thrust his face close to the other's.

"William Richardson," whispered the latter.

"Yes, William Richardson—once your confidential clerk. Have you forgotten me?"

"It—it—was so long ago," stammered the other.

"So long ago? Yes, and that makes it twenty times worse—twenty years of shame and crime and suffering and prison. I often wondered I've never tried for revenge. I suppose I've been too crushed to seek it. But now that it's been put in my way I mean to have it."

"How?" asked Bardwell. He was becoming cooler now. He was remembering the purpose of the night, and had half regretted the fact that he had not shot himself before this new-comer appeared.

"How?" echoed the latter. "I'd like to shoot you down like a dog, you hypocrite!"

Gerald Bardwell folded his arms and looked steadily at Richardson's malignant face.

"Then why don't you do it?" he said quite quietly. "I'm not in a position to resist."

The burglar stared at him in astonishment. Bardwell went on:

"When you've shot me, perhaps you'll be kind enough just to put that letter on my table into the envelope and mail it. You'll find a stamp in that little box in the corner."

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"Curse you, what do you mean?" growled Richardson.

"Read the letter, and you will see," replied Bardwell, with a sardonic smile.

The other read it. The nature of the case dawned upon him.

"So that one cartridge was for you?" he asked.

Bardwell nodded.

"Yes," he said, "so by putting a bullet through me you can end the little tragedy, and have a perfectly safe revenge. My servants are all dismissed. The shutters are closed, so that the shot will not be heard, and, to make it absolutely secure for you, there is the letter in my own handwriting proving suicide. Just put the pistol in my hand afterward, and all will be right. Oh, by the way, there's a fifty-dollar bill in my pocket-book—you may as well take that as an executioner's fee. It's all the money I have in the world, for, as you have gathered by that letter, I am ruined."

Bardwell sat in his chair, slightly back from the table, leaning forward and impressing his arguments on the other. Richardson still kept the revolver pointed at him, but the coolness of his adversary disconcerted him, and he hesitated.

"Excuse me one moment," went on Gerald Bardwell, stretching out his hand toward the little bundle of papers, "but I think I'll burn these first, if you don't mind."

"Stop!" cried Richardson, recovering himself, and snatching at the papers before the other could reach them; "why do you want to destroy them? No—hands off!" he went on, as Bardwell tried to recover the bundle. "Sit down again!"

And, forcing him into the chair, he held him there with his right hand, while he turned over the papers with the other.

"No wonder you wanted to shoot yourself, Mr. Bardwell," he said presently, "with such villainy as this on your conscience. It's a lucky thing for you you have not been found out before, but these papers are an exposure with a vengeance. Do you know what they'd do? They'd brand you as a forger—a miserable, low thief. No wonder you wanted to shoot yourself, I say."

"For God's sake destroy them and let me die, Richardson. There'll be enough to publish about me after I'm dead without them."

"Destroy them?" said the other, putting them carefully into his breast pocket. "No, I think not, Mr. Bardwell. Come—keep off—you know I'm the stronger man of the two."

"What good can they do you? And if I die, what can it matter?"

"If you die? Ah, yes. But you're not going to die, Mr. Bardwell. You're going to live, do you hear? You're going to live, and bear all the shame and disgrace. You're going to stand in the felon's dock. You're going to be a by-word of scorn among men. You're going to do penance for many a weary year in prison—do you hear me?"

"Shoot me—shoot me," groaned the wretched man, now thoroughly cowed. "Let me die, I say—give me the pistol, curse you—give me the pistol, I say!"

But his efforts to recapture the revolver were in vain. Again Richardson mastered him, placed an iron arm round his waist, and dragged him to the window. With the other hand he undid the shutters and opened the sash. The first pale, gray light of the dawn came stealing in.

"What are you going to do?" asked Gerald Bardwell.

"You'll see," was the answer.

He dragged him back to the table on which he had laid the revolver, and took up the weapon.

"That's right—for Heaven's sake shoot me!"

"Not I," said Richardson with a laugh. "I've a better revenge than a clumsy murder." He pointed the weapon to the ceiling and fired.

"Bang!"

The report reached the ears of a policeman a couple of hundred yards up the quiet suburban street. The next moment he was running along in answer to Richardson's loud cries for help.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed

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as he came bounding in through the window.

"Thank God you've come!" cried Richardson. "It's as much as I could do to hold him. I only just stopped him from shooting himself as it was."

"It's a lie," shrieked Bardwell. "This man's a burglar, and I give him in charge."

"Look at that letter on the table," replied Richardson, with a wink at the bewildered policeman. "That will explain matters, I fancy."

Despite Bardwell's frantic exclamations, the officer read the letter with great deliberation.

"I see," he said, when he had finished; "it's a pretty close shave, ain't it? And who are you?"

"I'm his chief clerk," replied Richardson. "I knew all about his affairs, and when I heard he'd dismissed all his servants, I guessed there was trouble."

"You must come along with me," said the constable, "both of you."

Bardwell was nearly mad by this time, and it took the two men to hold him. The policeman called for help, and a comrade presently appeared on the scene. Between them both he was marched off to the police station, Richardson following. An inspector took down the charge, and Bardwell was removed to the cells. Richardson lingered with the inspector a moment, and produced the incriminating papers.

HE WAS REVENGED WHEN HE SAW GERALD BARDWELL WORKING IN THE SAME GANG.

"I think," he said, "that you will find something worth perusing in these."

The inspector grasped the papers eagerly. Richardson turned to go.

"Stop!" cried the inspector. "Hallo—Peters—Smith—stop him! He's wanted—I know him."

There was a sharp struggle, but Richardson was overpowered and handcuffed. . . . And he went to his cell quietly. He felt he would be revenged; and he knew he was afterward, when he saw Gerald Bardwell working in the same gang with him at Sing Sing.

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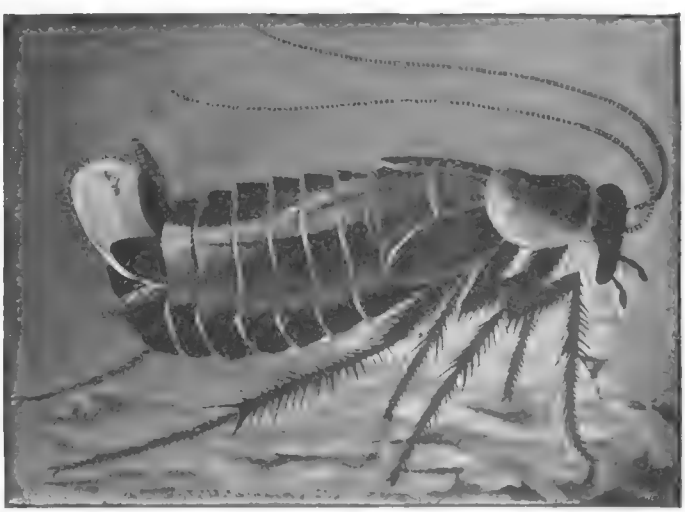
SOME INTERESTING INSECTS

By JAMES SCOTT

(With illustrations drawn direct from nature by the writer.)

INTENDING this to be a popular article, I have included creatures which do not conform to the scientific description of insects, although so called by most people. For instance, a spider is *not* an insect, but as it is generally regarded as one, I will not haggle about the matter.

As the drawings portray the insects largely magnified, some idea of their curious formation will be gained; and this should lend an additional interest to the subject. I will begin with the much-hated cockroach, with its nocturnal habits and its troublesome way of investing pantries and attacking provisions.



A FEMALE BLACK-BEETLE CARRYING HER EGG-CASE CONTAINING EGGS. THIS IS DONE UNTIL IT IS BROWN AND TOUGH.

Cockroaches (or black-beetles, as they are more widely known) afford some extremely interesting peculiarities. When the female produces her eggs she *always* deposits a batch of sixteen. The reason why this astonishing habit is unalterable can be scientifically explained, but does not call for further attention here. The reader's interest will be more enhanced by the statement that these sixteen eggs are invariably contained in a neat little case, which is a wonderful contrivance in itself.

The prospective mother carries this egg-case about with her in safe custody, as a precaution against possible spoliation, for several days, during which time it turns from a whitish color to a rich brown, and also hardens considerably. The case is secured within a hinder receptacle, the shape of which almost conforms with that of the end of an ordinary boat. At regular periods the strange case is protruded from its receptacle in order that the air may take effect in hardening it; and at such times a pair of flaps are lifted to enable this to be accomplished. The eggs themselves are prettily ornamented.

There exists a striking dissemblance between the male and female cockroach. The latter possesses no wings and is

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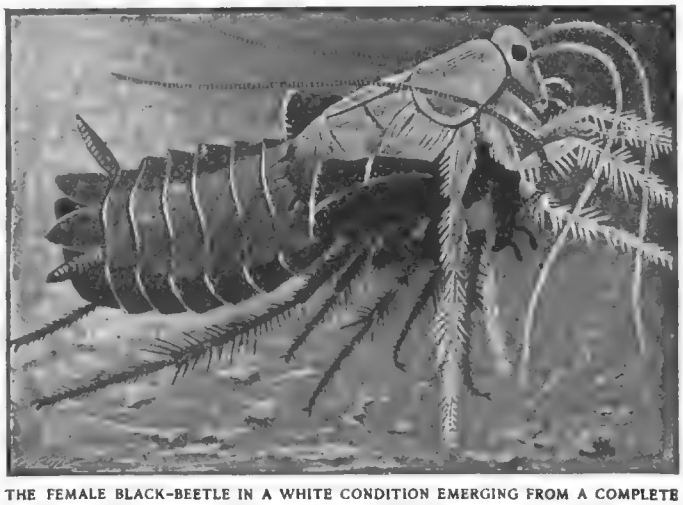
THE MALE BLACK-BEETLE SPREADING ITS WINGS.

adorned with merely stunted and dummy wing-cases ; but the quaint-looking male is furnished with a large pair of horny wings, which are generally concealed beneath a pair of hard covers or cases. Each wing folds neatly lengthways, in order that it may be properly secreted and protected by the covers.

The illustration gives a portrayal of this detested creature in an attitude which may create some surprise among people who disregard the peculiarities of insect life. The wings are there shown spread ready to enable the cockroach to take flight. This habit is seldom indulged in ; but will account for the sudden and mysterious disappearance of one of these insects from a cupboard about the shelves of which it may have been excitedly pursued by a shocked housekeeper. At such times the aid of the wings allows the cockroach to spring from a shelf on to a lower one, and innocently escape, whilst the hunter is wondering where on earth it could have concealed itself.

A black-beetle moults several times during its worried life, and casts its skin in a strange way. The shell (for it is really a shell), splits for a certain distance along the back, and there subsequently slowly and laboriously emerges therefrom a *white* black-beetle. The remaining shell is a perfect *facsimile* of the insect which has so quaintly jumped out of its own skin—body, legs, antennæ (or "horns," as they are popularly termed), and every other part being exactly the same as when it encased the sickly creature which has left it. After the elapse of a few hours the ghostly thing becomes as brown as the deserted shell, which shell may slowly decay, or serve as food for the ravenous companions of the departed lodger, or even, maybe, for the departed lodger himself. The illustration depicts a female.

There exist throughout this country many hundreds of *different kinds* of spiders ; and it may be reasonably conjectured that their individual habits differ. The larger number of them, however, form cocoons or bags composed of their delicate silk in which to enclose their rela-



THE FEMALE BLACK-BEETLE IN A WHITE CONDITION EMERGING FROM A COMPLETE AND EXACT MOULD OF ITSELF—IN REALITY ITS FORMER SKIN OR SHELL.

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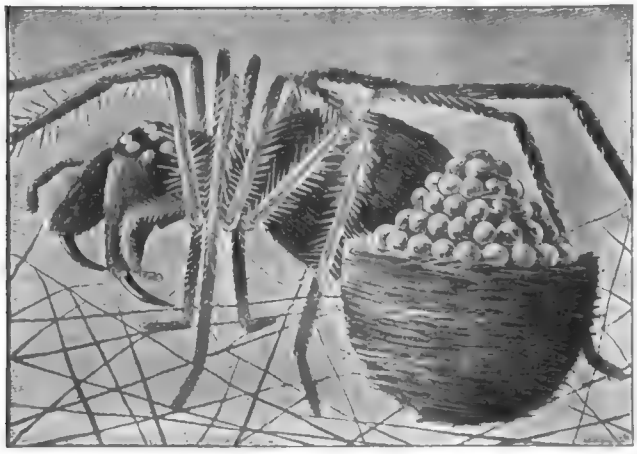


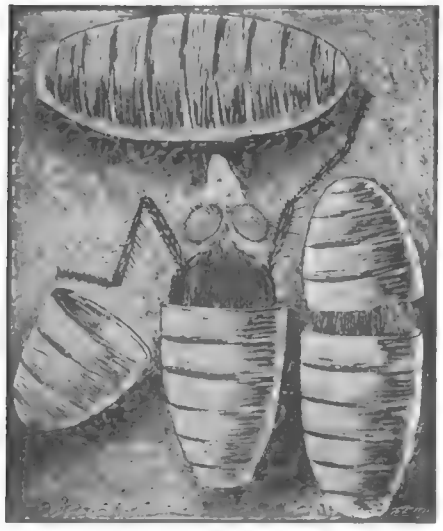
FEMALE SPIDER WITH HALF-FINISHED COCOON FILLED WITH EGGS. THE CUP IS FASHIONED UPON THE CREATURE'S BODY.

tively enormous quantity of eggs. The female spider weaves the silken cup by encircling her own bulky abdomen with her thread. The process is attended with great care to ensure due shapeliness in the contour of the cocoon.

When the cup has been properly made to the requisite dimensions and thickness, a liberal supply of eggs are deposited within and above it, and these are subsequently concealed entirely from view, as a safeguard against the direful effects of exposure to the cold, by more layers of silk, the production eventually appearing as a fluffy ball, destined to be suspended in a snug corner or cranny where it may conveniently wait for the process of egg-hatching to ensue.

Some spiders carry their cocoons about with them with quite a loving regard. In such cases the egg-bags are suspended beneath the bodies of the creatures, the extraordinary length of their legs permitting them to perambulate about with their burdens quite comfortably.

The spider's pair of poison-fangs, somewhat resembling tusks, are conspicuously shown in the illustration, which also displays understandably the eight simple eyes allotted to each (as a rule) of these generally detested animals.



HOUSE-FLY LEAVING ITS COFFIN, IN WHICH, AS A GRUB, IT VOLUNTARILY BURIED ITSELF. THE NOSE-BAG IS A SPECIAL TEMPORARY CONTRIVANCE USED TO FORCE ITS WAY OUT.

HOUSE-FLY WITH ITS WONDERFUL TRUNK CLASPING AND MELTING A GRAIN OF SUGAR.

Although the house-fly is too well known to most people, there is no doubt that the exceedingly curious transformation

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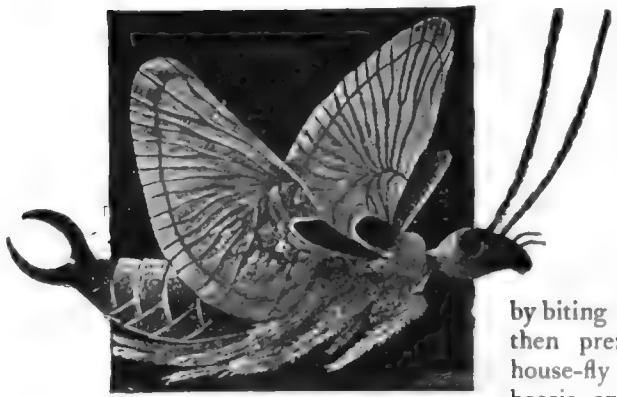

AN EARWIG FLYING.

which it undergoes before it can fly is still a concealed wonder to several persons. The fly lays a bewildering number of exquisitely decorated eggs (microscopically considered), from each of which issues, under favorable conditions, a small, white, unpleasant-looking grub. If the circumstances permit, the grub will consume an enormous amount of food, which nourishes it so astonishingly as to promote its growth to a bulk many times in excess of its original size. When the proper time has arrived the enlarged grub lies quietly in a cosey nook, and becomes so transformed within a few hours that uninitiated people refuse to believe that it, in its later stage, is really the same creature. From being a soft white papsy maggot it shrinks to a hard, brown, cylindrical object, with no apparent life at all in it—a worthless bit of clay, to all appearances.

But within that brown case will ensue a most marvellous transformation. Many persons wrongly think that these brown cases are the eggs. The contents slowly fashion themselves into the form of a complete fly, with legs and wings tucked neatly about it. When the insect is ready to emerge it forces off a portion of the case by distending a kind of air-bag which grows between its eyes for this express purpose, for the membranous bag afterward disappears by shrinkage.

Flies, like other *true* insects, do not grow. Although there are big and little house-flies, their variations in size depend entirely upon the amount of food they can consume while in the grub state, and the consequent size they attain when the time arrives for their transformation from grubs into flies.

These facts are absorbingly interesting to students of the unfamiliar familiar life (for it *is* that) around them. In its grub state the creature eats any refuse by biting; but as a fly it *sucks* its food, and then prefers sweet commodities. The house-fly owns a remarkable trunk or proboscis, an accurate representation of which is given in one of our illustrations. The two large and ordinarily visible orbs of a fly are each composed of hundreds of minute lenses; whilst on the top of its head the insect carries *three* plain eyes.

It may be said that the fly can withdraw its trunk from our sight so completely that no portion of it whatever is observable.

A dwarf whose habits are still supposed to be confined to solid earth is the earwig. It can, however, soar aloft as easily as any fly. Whereas the

AN ICHNEUMON FLY LAYING ITS EGGS IN A LIVING APHIS, WHICH WILL BE SLOWLY EATEN WHILE STILL LIVING BY THE GRUBS HENCEFORTH HATCHED FROM THE EGGS.

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pinions of a cockroach are horny and dull in composition and appearance, those of the earwig are really beautiful objects, sparkling radiantly with a variable rainbow-glow when observed in a good light.

As earwigs fly only at night, it is rare for even those people who hunt them assiduously to see one in this unfamiliar attitude. It therefore became necessary for me, in order to make my illustration, to unfold the wings of a captive insect. They are extremely large, and are normally stowed away beneath a couple of disproportionately small cases, which indeed do not completely protect them.

Among the most remarkable habits practised by insects are some which, if they had their counterparts in larger forms of life, would be considered outrageous.

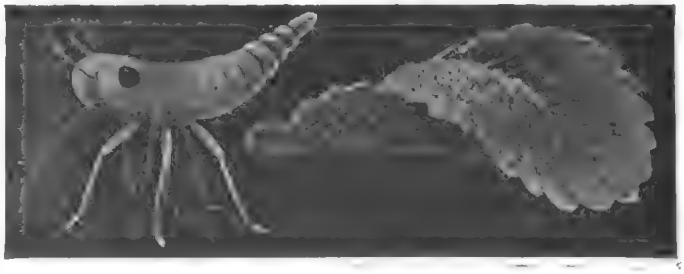
There are flies—ichneumon flies—which lay their eggs inside the bodies of poor defenceless living insects. They lay them nowhere else. In course of time grubs hatch out from the strangely secreted eggs, and instead of crawling out from the gradually weakening victim, they obstinately remain and actually subsist by consuming its living flesh.

In our illustration an ichneumon fly is depicted in the act of piercing the body of an aphis—one of those curious little things found in great numbers and varieties of form on all sorts of vegetation. One kind appears as tiny green specks on cabbages. The fly's eggs pass along a special contrivance at the end of the fly's abdomen, which extends telescopically and pierces the chosen victim, and fall into the space prepared for them.

In many cases the injured aphis lives until the ichneumon grubs are ready to pass into the chrysalis state, from which they will emerge as complete flies. At other times they will be so gluttonous as to kill the poor aphis, and they then suffer themselves from having exhausted their food supplies. Many caterpillars are especially liable to the fearful attacks of the dreaded ichneumon flies.

It is probable that some readers may think that I have exaggerated matters in the illustration; but it is not so. The picture was made from professionally preserved specimens of an aphis and the actual fly which had pierced it, mounted for private exhibition. The exact proportions of the attacker and its natural attitude during attack, as well as the aphis, are carried out correctly.

You may often have noticed a substance on the leaves of some plant whose somewhat repugnant resemblance to saliva is quite remarkable. Many a countryman will serenely inform you, if questioned as to the nature of the stuff, that it is the "spit" (saliva) of a cuckoo, and that some day a young cuckoo will be hatched therefrom. If a cuckoo *were* produced from the substance mentioned, the thing would really be no more astounding than many of the facts with which naturalists are already acquainted. But cuckoos are not born in this haphazard manner. The nasty-looking substance is manufactured by a queer little green bit of life which envelops itself completely within it, as a protection from both heat and cold, and also, there is no doubt, as a deterrent to birds and predaceous insects of a larger growth. A largely magnified drawing of the weird creature is given here, whilst a leaf supporting some of the substance (drawn to a smaller scale than the insect) is subjoined. The creature has a slender trunk furnished with apparatus for piercing the leaves.



THE CUCKOO SPIT; AN INSECT WHICH SECRETES ITSELF IN FROTH. THE IDEA IS STILL CURRENT THAT THE FROTH IS THE CUCKOO'S SALIVA, AND THAT THEREFROM YOUNG CUCKOOS ARE HATCHED.

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By W. Alexander Ross.

The man whose stringy-bark gunyah was on the other side of Wirraboo Gully—which is eight miles from the township of Benskin, New South Wales—gave his axe a last swing in the air, and brought it down with a thud into the iron-bark log out of which he had been breaking sleepers all the afternoon. Its polished blade sank deep into the tough, red, splintery wood, and he relaxed his hold.

"I reckon that's about the last I shall break out on Wirraboo Gully for many a day," he remarked as he pushed his bushy black hair back from his damp forehead.

Then he tramped over the undergrowth down the uneven slope of the gully across to the bark-built humpy on the other side, and, having filled his billy-can and hung it over the fire, he sat down on a big iron-wood log in front of the gunyah, and brought out a crumpled and much creased copy of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, which he had brought over from Benskin, whither he had been two days before to replenish his stock of tobacco and lay in a fresh supply of the indifferent methylated spirit labelled whiskey, and consumed as such in the Bush.

He had read the column he turned to quite a hundred times before. He knew it by heart, in fact; but he read it once more while he waited for the billy-can to boil. And yet it was only a glowing account of the prospects of the then newly discovered gold-fields on the South African Rand.

He stroked his ragged coal-black beard while he read, and his black eyes gathered an expression of intense determination in their sullen depths.

"I'll go," he said aloud. "I'm sick of Wirraboo Gully, and yet—" he paused and looked across to where the Wirraboo Hills lay swathed in a lovely blue mist—"there is room to breathe here."

The billy-can boiled over, and the hiss of the water in the fire roused him.

"Hang it! I'll go—I can come back," he said again as he went into the gunyah to fetch his tea-canister.

The full April moon had risen hours, and the purple and silver of the coming

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dawn were lighting up the sky beyond the tall, gaunt gum trees when the man who lived in the bark hut on Wirraboo Gully turned into his bunk. He had read the *Herald* account of the Rand gold discoveries quite a dozen times since his billy-can had boiled over, while the brief Australian twilight was giving place to the lovely southern night.

"I'll go," he said once more as he rolled himself in his rug. "I can come back when I get sick of it."

The faint echo of a dingo howling far away on the Wirraboo Hills came floating dismally through the late summer night as the bushman spoke, and the next moment the weird laughter of the jackasses in the blue gum trees rang out in mocking reply to the howling dingo—or perhaps it was to the dweller in the gunyah below who had spoken of returning.

Late on the following afternoon the man who lived at Wirraboo Gully stepped off the veranda of the hotel in Benskin, and swung himself up to the box-seat of Dobson's coach.

"Coming back, I reckon?" said Bill Jupe, the hotel-keeper.

"Just as likely," was the laconic reply as the speaker jammed some more tobacco into his pipe. And the coach started.

"A rum cuss," remarked a swagsman who was standing with the other loungers outside the hotel.

"Yes, Mowbray is a rum cuss. But he's lived on the Wirraboo Gully for seven years, and he's a 'white' man," returned the hotel-keeper.

"Yes, Mowbray is a 'white' man," assented the man who kept Benskin's only store. "If he ain't, I'm jiggered if ever I saw one. What's yours?"

The company adjourned to the bar of the hotel for drinks, while the coach disappeared far down the hot road in a cloud of dust.

It was late in the London season. There was a big crowd at Mrs. Maitland-Bethune's ball.

"Who is that lanky chap with the brigand's mustache and bronze face over there, talking to that girl with red-gold hair and dressed in peacock blue?" asked a man who was leaning up against a wall and watching the crowd. His companion turned to him in surprise.

"What, you don't know! Of course, I forgot that you have been potting at hillmen on the Northwest frontier for the last three years. That is Mowbray, the South African gold king and diamond emperor and all that—a fellow who has spent one-half his life picking up nuggets as big as bricks and Koh-i-noors in South Africa, and now has come to England to find somebody to wear the diamonds and dissipate the gold."

"He won't find that difficult," returned the man who had been potting hillmen on the Northwest frontier. There was a touch of bitterness in his tone. He was a younger son with little beyond his pay and the Victoria Cross.

The other man laughed quietly.

"He does. The girl with the red-gold hair is his divinity, and he has been hunting her down like a sleuth-hound for the last two seasons, without success."

"A beautiful woman, and proof against gold and precious stones in abundance—marvellous!" remarked the cynic who possessed a Victoria Cross.

"He won't hunt in vain a third season. Lady Millicent's father, old Clewthorne, you know, came a buster over the Ascot Cup yesterday. They say it will clean him out."

Nobody would have recognized in the John Mowbray who was standing beside Lady Millicent, daughter of the Marquis of Clewthorne, the bushman whom they called Mowbray in New South Wales, and who used to live on the Wirraboo Gully. The ragged, black beard was gone, and two years in England, besides three on the Rand in South Africa, had changed him wonderfully. There was a certain air of distinction about him, and his slow manner of speech gave him time to think while he spoke—which was a useful thing for the man who used to cut timber in New South Wales.

At Wirraboo they had called him a

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"white man." On the Rand they said he had grit as well as luck. On the Stock Exchange they said he was straight. And they all meant the same thing. Perhaps that was why the taciturn ex-bushman was liked in a way, and had drifted into certain society circles which some people would have regarded as being fairly exclusive.

The Blue Hungarians broke into the symphony of one of Waldteufel's dreamiest waltzes.

"I am a clumsy dancer," said Mowbray to Lady Millicent. "Perhaps I oughtn't to have put my name on your programme. Shall we sit it out?"

The beauty with the red-gold hair shrugged her handsome shoulders in careless acquiescence, and they drifted into the conservatory, where the air was cooler and the lights were soft and dim, and where the murky London moonlight seemed pure and white as it crept through the panes and fell in faint silvery blotches on the marble floor.

Mowbray felt freer and more at ease there. It was a long time before he spoke. Lady Millicent did not mind; she used her fan with an easy grace that betokened the most perfect serenity of mind.

"I don't dance, and I seldom talk," he said at last. "I daresay you wonder why I am boring you."

"Are you boring me?" she asked slowly.

Mowbray smiled a little sardonically. He was beginning to understand the ways of the world he was living in.

"I think so," he said.

He watched her fan as it rose and fell in a graceful curve.

"It is past midnight, and it is the morning of your birthday. I wanted to be the first to congratulate you," he said as he brought out a morocco case. He touched the spring; the lid flew up, and disclosed a butterfly set with magnificent brilliants. Even in that dim light it blazed and scintillated like living fire.

"MAY I ADD THIS TO MY CONGRATULATIONS?"

"May I add this to my congratulations?"

The fan closed with a graceful snap.

"You may," she said, after a pause. "You are too good."

There was a look of triumph on the face of the man from Wirraboo when he entered the ball-room again with Lady Millicent on his arm. The diamond butterfly was sparkling in her hair.

The engagement between Lady Millicent and Mowbray was in the next day's papers, and three months later there was a column of marriage ceremony, guests, wedding presents, and trousseau. The

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luxuriance of the adjectives applied to the diamonds which were the gift of the bridegroom to the bride was appalling.

John Mowbray was waiting in the library of the house they had taken in Curzon Street on their return from the honeymoon. He was understood to be in negotiation for a mansion in Piccadilly. He was waiting to start with his wife for Mrs. Maitland-Bethune's.

Mowbray had been obliged to go a lot into society since his marriage. He had become even more taciturn than he was before marriage, and the part he played in society was that of the looker-on. And he saw more than pleased him. There was an ugly glint in his eyes as he waited for his wife.

Presently there was a frou-frou of silk, and Lady Millicent swept into the room —a vision of radiant beauty, whose jewels were worth a king's ransom.

"Is it Mrs. Maitland-Bethune's to-night?" he asked.

"Of course," was the careless reply.

"I suppose young Paget will be there?"

"It is extremely possible that he will be there." There was a touch of *hauteur* in the lady's voice.

"He generally does turn up where you are," said Mowbray, knitting his black brows. "I don't object to your receiving the homage from other men which it seems to be the custom to pay to other men's wives in your world. But there is just a bit too much of it from the Honorable Reginald for my liking. I want you to pull him up a bit."

Lady Millicent's lips smiled icily; but there was a vicious flash in her eyes.

"I am afraid you want me to be impossible."

"Exactly—as far as young Paget is concerned. I want you to save him from making a fool of himself; that's all."

He strode to the door as he spoke, and opened it. His wife vouchsafed him neither word nor look in response to his appeal. They drove in silence to Mrs. Maitland-Bethune's.

Mowbray did what was a very unusual thing with him when he entered the ballroom. He asked Lady Millicent to allow him to put his name down on her programme. She raised her eyebrows in surprise as she handed it to him. He placed his initials opposite the last waltz but one, and then lounged about all the evening.

Lady Millicent danced three times with the Honorable Reginald, and then sat a fourth out with him.

There was a flash of defiance in her violet eyes when her husband came to claim his dance. He quietly suggested that they should sit it out. They drifted into the conservatory as they did that night when she had accepted the diamond butterfly—and Mowbray.

He gave a sigh of relief as he dropped into a huge cane chair. The sound of the dripping water in the fountain basins, the scent of the flowers, the fantastic shadows the great palms and tropical plants threw on the marble floor, all brought back to him the bush round Wirraboo. He saw it sleeping, swathed in all the wonderful radiance of the Australian night, and he sighed again.

"I am sorry you did not take my advice about Paget," he said presently.

"Why?" asked the woman with an air of indifference.

"For your sake; that's all."

"How good of you!" was the calm reply.

"You do not intend to take it, then?" said Mowbray slowly.

Lady Millicent's fan shut with a snap.

"I do not intend to do anything absurd. Your advice is an insult."

"Ah!" ejaculated Mowbray; "I thought you would misunderstand it. We have been married three months. They have not been exactly comfortable, have they?"

Lady Millicent yawned ostentatiously.

"You are bored," continued Mowbray. "Well, money and beauty don't always hit it, I suppose. At any rate, we haven't, have we?"

"You are charmingly considerate to choose such a time for complimentary con-

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fession. Pray go on; that waltz will last quite three minutes yet."

Mowbray looked at her curiously for a few seconds. A memory of the dingoes howling on the Wirraboo Hills came back to him, and he heard the laughing jackass's discordant mirth among the branches of the giant blackbutts round the gully.

"We can tell a lot of truth in three minutes," he said. "Let us be quite straight with each other—for three minutes. You intend to go your own way whatever I may say or do?"

"Since you put it so frankly—well, yes, I do."

"Ah!" said Mowbray, "then the 'love, honor, and obey,' and all that doesn't count with you."

Lady Millicent laughed satirically.

"I didn't compile the marriage service. You can hardly expect me to be responsible for all its absurdities."

"Then there isn't any 'love, honor, and obey' absurdity between us?"

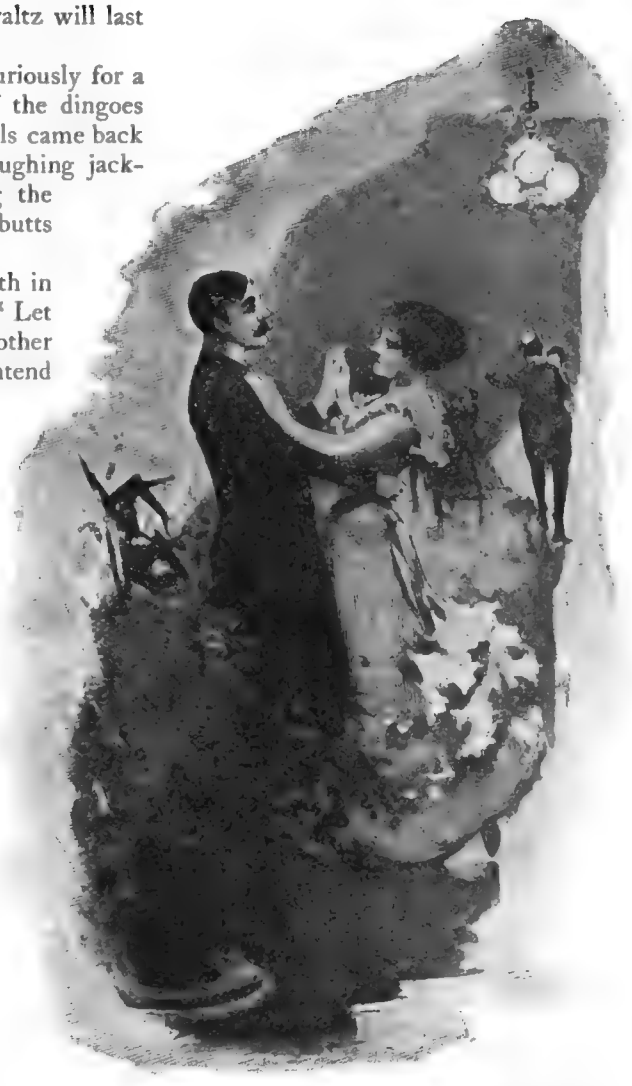
He spoke in calm, even tones, but the contempt in his voice stung her into fury—and the truth. She turned to him with flashing eyes.

"No! I tolerate you; that is all. I have never done anything else. I shall never do anything else."

"I'm sorry," said Mowbray—"I'm sorry—for your sake. That's all. I suppose you wouldn't be offended if I died—or something of that sort?"

He stood up and offered her his arm.

"Shall we go back to the ball-room? The band has stopped, and I have not the honor of figuring twice on your programme."



LADY MILLICENT DANCED THREE TIMES WITH THE HONORABLE REGINALD.

"I had better say good-by," he said to her, at the foot of the stairs, when they had returned to Curzon Street. "Urgent matters will call me back to South Africa at once. I shall be leaving too early to say good-by in the morning."

He held out his hand.

Lady Millicent ignored it.

"Really! Good-by, and *bon voyage*."

Mowbray stood and watched as she swept up the stairs with the air of a queen. He lit a cigar when she disappeared, and

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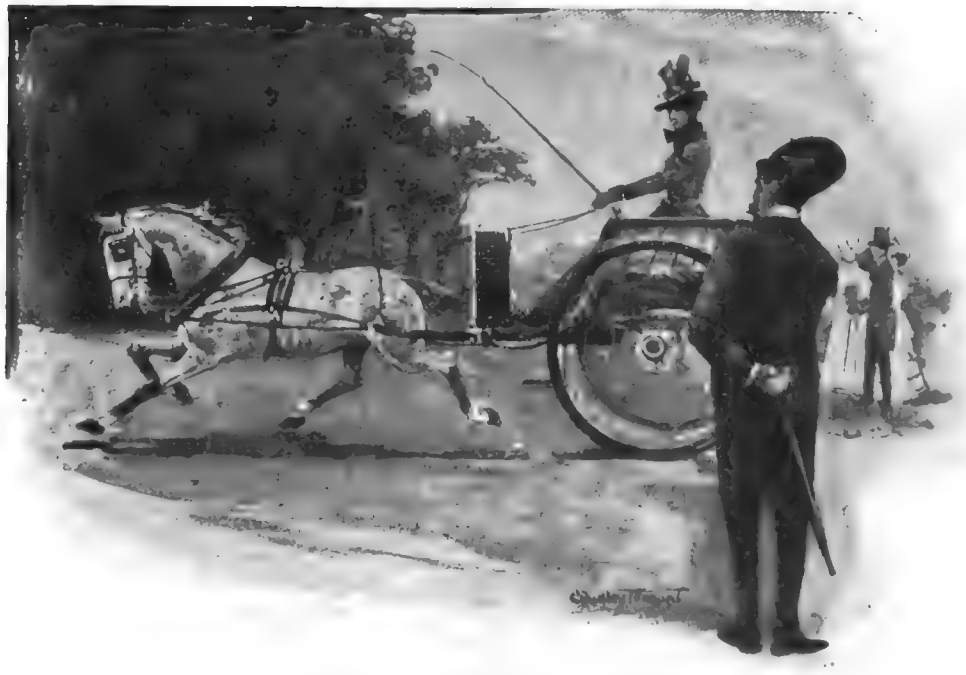

HE RAISED HIS HAT, AND SHE SAW HIM TURN AWAY.

laughed in a mirthless way as he turned into the library.

He was very busy in the city the next day. He saw his lawyers. He paid his brokers a visit, and gave them instructions about his securities which dumfounded them. He looked in at the people who had in hand the negotiations for the house in Piccadilly, and late in the afternoon called at his bankers and saw the manager. A little later Lady Millicent saw him leaning on the rails as she was driving in the Row. Their eyes met. He raised his hat, and she saw him turn away.

She had a surprise when she reached home. A bulky letter from her husband's solicitors was awaiting her. Its contents were startling—it contained her husband's will. She was left everything that John Mowbray had.

She read it with amazement, and when she put it down, his words in the conservatory at Mrs. Maitland-Bethune's came back to her with sinister significance—"I suppose you wouldn't be offended if I died—or something of that sort?" And she sat lost in thought

It was long after midnight of the next day. The lights in the house in Curzon Street had been out for an hour or more when a man in serge suit and a soft hat—who had sauntered past once or twice since midnight and glanced up at the windows—let himself in with a key and softly closed the door behind him. He stood listening in the hall for a few minutes. The house was still as a grave. He crept up the stairs with a noiseless tread. Outside Lady Millicent's bedroom he paused and listened again before he passed on to the door of her dressing-room. Cautiously and silently he opened it and entered. The room was bright with the full moon that was streaming in at the windows. He picked up the trinkets which lay sparkling on the dressing-table. A grim smile lit up his stern, set face as he looked at them.

Presently he tried the door of the jewel safe. It was locked. He pulled thoughtfully at his mustache for a few seconds, and then crept slowly through the open door into Lady Millicent's bedroom. It did not take him long to find what he wanted—a tiny bunch of keys that lay on

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a table beside the bed. He stood with them in his hand and looked at the woman who slept on, all unconscious of his presence. She stirred in her sleep and the intruder was gone like a shadow.

A few minutes later the table in the dressing-room was ablaze with the jewels that were the envy of all the society women in London.

The man who had spread them out stood looking at them thoughtfully.

"Barter!" he muttered.

He picked up the exquisite butterfly in diamonds which Lady Millicent had accepted as a birthday gift from the African gold king in the conservatory at Mrs. Maitland-Bethune's. He shook his head slowly, and put it down.

A few hours later the evening papers were full of the robbery of Lady Millicent's jewels. The whole of the magnificent collection which Mowbray had lavished upon her had been taken, but only those. Her own jewels and the diamond butterfly, which had been Mowbray's gift on her birthday, had been left untouched. The same papers stated that Mr. John Mowbray's name appeared among those on the list of passengers by the mail boat which had started the previous afternoon to the Cape from Plymouth.

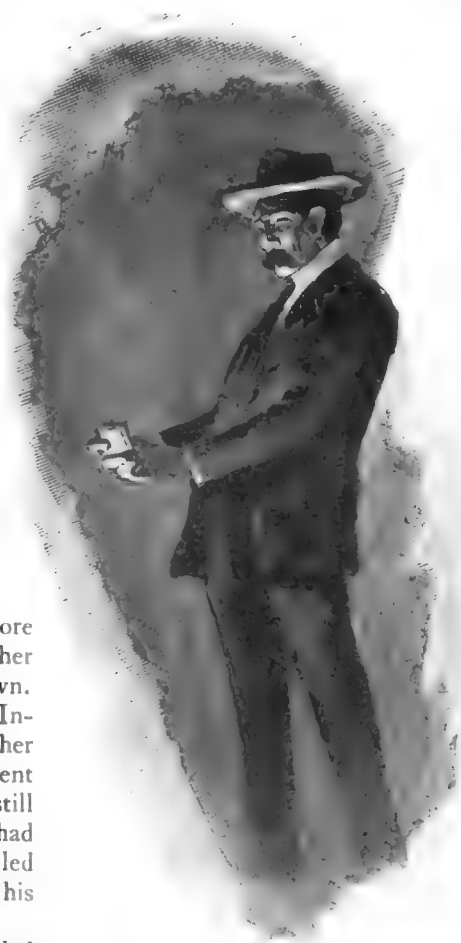
Lady Millicent fretted and fumed at the loss of her jewels, and at the awkwardness of not being able to communicate with her husband.

A month later she fumed still more when she received an intimation from her bankers that her account was overdrawn. But that was only the beginning. Inquiries elicited the startling fact that her husband's account was closed. An urgent telegram to the Cape brought back the still more startling fact that John Mowbray had not reached there. He had not travelled by the boat on which he had booked his passage.

Private and other detectives were called in. The cables to all the ends of the earth were set to work with inquiries for John Mowbray, but neither detectives nor cables brought any news of him.

He had vanished utterly and wholly.

Every week that passed brought some fresh and unpleasant discovery for Lady Millicent. Not only had the man disappeared, but his wealth had gone with him. He had realized everything. All that could be learned was that when he disappeared he must have had in his possession an enormous sum in Bank of England notes. But never a single note came back to the bank to give a clew to the whereabouts of John Mowbray. The end of the season came, and Lady Millicent found herself homeless and practically penniless. The papers ro-



HE PICKED UP THE EXQUISITE DIAMONDS.

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manced upon the disappearance of John Mowbray, while every day there appeared in their agony columns a distracted appeal from Lady Millicent to him to return.

She knew now who had taken her jewels, and why the diamond butterfly had been left. She knew now who had placed it on her pillow while she slept the night the rest of the jewels were taken. She understood also the bitter irony of the will that left her possessor of all John Mowbray's wealth, and why he had said he was sorry for her sake when she told him that she only tolerated him.

The weeks grew to months, and the months to years, but John Mowbray remained undiscovered. They found it was impossible to trace his past further back than South Africa. And presently the world forgot that he had disappeared.

There was the usual group of loungers on the veranda of the hotel in Benskin one afternoon when Dobson's coach came in. One passenger only clambered down from the box. He was bearded, dust-stained, and grimy. Bill Jupe, grown a little grayer in five years, stared at the newcomer.

"I'm jiggered if it ain't Mowbray, who used to live on Wirraboo Gully."

"Mowbray it is. I've come back to break out timber again on Wirraboo Gully."

"Then you ain't had blazing good luck?"

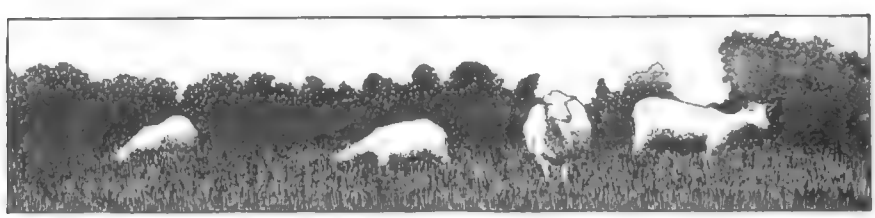
Mowbray laughed sardonically.

"No, I haven't," and turning to the crowd, he said, "What's yours?"

And they adjourned to the bar for drinks. And that was how John Mowbray came back to Wirraboo—for good.

Sometimes when the bush is sleeping, and the soft Australian night has wrapped it in a lovely canopy of silver and gray, the man who lives in the gunyah on Wirraboo Gully brings out from his hiding-place a box that is filled with jewels that once adorned Lady Millicent. And as he turns them about in the moonlight, and watches the dancing fires prisoned within the glorious gems, he laughs long and loud as he thinks of the haughty and now humbled beauty who vainly waits and waits for his return in far-away England.

And the jackasses that live in the trees on the gully laugh in their own weird fashion in reply, while the howl of the dingoes on the distant hills quivers dolefully through the night.



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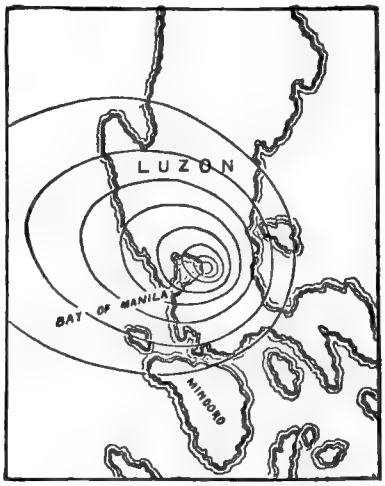
WHAT A TYPHOON CAN DO.

By J. Macfarlane.



MAP SHOWING THE AREA OF THE TYPHOON.

Manila has suffered many misfortunes. It has been bombarded by battleships, besieged by insurgents, inundated by tidal waves, scourged with cholera, shaken to pieces by earthquakes, and torn and tossed by hurricanes.

One of the most destructive of these occurred in 1882, and the photographs taken a few days after, and here reproduced, give a very complete idea of the devastation.

On the morning of the 20th of October of that year the officials in the Meteorological Observatory at Manila received intelligence of an approaching storm. The barometer, which had been falling steadily, suddenly dropped with alarming rapidity, and messages were hastily despatched to the port authorities to hoist the storm signal, warning the inhabitants of the city and the ships in the bay that a hurricane was at hand. But the people were already convinced of coming disaster, for the bright sun of the morning was gone, obscured behind long streaks of wind-blown vapor that gradually became denser and more leaden in hue. Cloud upon cloud came crowding up, until the whole sky from horizon to horizon was filled with an ominous-looking mass that seemed bursting with electric fluid. So near to the earth did this lie that all the city was enveloped in a perfect darkness, and people, stopping their work, became conscious of the awful stillness of expectancy that precedes disaster.

A HOUSE IN ONE OF THE MAIN STREETS IN THE CALZADA OF SAMPALOC.

It was some two hours after the warning was issued that the typhoon broke forth in all its relentless fury, and almost in an instant the city and its surroundings became a complete chaos. The storm struck with terrific force, the black sky was rent by blinding sheets of lightning that added to the wildness, but the rattle of the thunder above was drowned by the awful sounds below. The

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A STREET, SHOWING DAMAGE DONE TO NATIVE DWELLINGS.

wind shrieked and roared as it tore the roofs from the buildings and wrenched the walls asunder. The noise of breaking glass, crackling wood, and crashing iron, mingled with the cries of the terror-stricken natives, was deafening. Sheets of galvanized iron and heavy beams were carried long distances and dashed with tremendous force into other buildings; roofs and walls were lifted and blown out, and whole buildings would now and then be fairly demolished as they were thrown with a fearful crash into the street.

The violence of the wind was so tremendous that the anemometers of the observatory were broken, the highest velocity indicated by the instruments before that being 114.4 English miles per hour. Such force was, of course, practically irresistible, and it is not surprising to find that almost all the public and private buildings in Manila were unroofed or seriously damaged, while nearly all the wooden and straw houses of the natives were entirely destroyed and thousands of families left homeless. Marvellous to relate, although many were injured more or less seriously, very few were killed.

One, a Chinese coolie, was running for shelter, when a falling sheet of iron struck him on the back of the neck, completely decapitating him. The English doctor had a curious experience. When he heard the storm approaching, he stepped inside a large, roomy wardrobe, and dragged his "boy," or native servant, with him, hoping thus to avoid the danger of a falling roof. There was a moment of breathless suspense as they listened to the tumult without, a frightful grinding crash close by, when they emerged to find that the wall of the room they were standing in had completely disappeared.

Another European resident had gone into the tobacco factory, leaving his carriage outside. When the hurricane broke upon them, he rushed out with the intention of hurrying home, only to find that the carriage had been lifted by the wind

ANOTHER STREET SCENE.

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and smashed to pieces against the wall, badly injuring both horse and driver. The telegraph lines were all blown down, and the streets became impassable, owing to the great quantities of *débris* from fallen buildings.

The military hospital suffered severely, and one hundred and sixty patients had to be removed to the convent of San Augustine. Trees were torn up by the roots, windows blown in, huge wooden beams snapped like dry twigs, even stone walls were levelled to the ground, and iron bent or twisted into fantastic shapes, and all the time tiles, splinters of wood, and sheets of galvanized iron were flying through the air.

REMNANTS OF A HANDSOME VILLA.

While all this havoc was being wrought on shore, the ships lying at anchor in the bay or moored by the wharves of the River Pasig were having a perilous experience. A mail packet and some smaller boats sank opposite the Governor's palace. Although all the vessels were riding to both anchors and had paid out long cables, sixteen of them dragged or parted their chains, and were driven aground, soon becoming total wrecks, and nearly all being completely dismasted. The force of the wind dashed the sea into spindrift, which was caught up and carried far over the city like a thick, white, driving mist.

One can well imagine what those on board must have suffered, with the ships under them straining and plunging as they were gradually driven ashore, not to mention the danger of falling spars and of broken cordage whipping the wind in all directions. The steamer *Barcelona*, although unable to make anything against the gale, not only managed to maintain her anchor hold by steaming full speed ahead, but was the means of saving several lives. Two native boats, containing men, women, and children, were in imminent peril of foundering close by. During a temporary lull, the captain of the *Barcelona* ordered the lifeboat to be lowered, and manned by a quartermaster and four sailors, she put off to rescue the natives. They reached the first boat and got the occupants on board, but it was hard work and risky to get to the second.

They stuck pluckily to their work, however, and finally succeeded in bringing the natives

VIEW OF A SUGAR FACTORY AFTER THE STORM.

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off, although at one time the boats got entangled, and it seemed as if both would go to the bottom. When they got abreast of the steamer, the storm had burst forth again with renewed power, and it was found impossible to go close alongside. Those on board rigged up a basket to the end of a spar, and by this means all were saved, but the last man was scarcely on board before all three boats filled and sank.

LOOKING OVER THE BAY. THE SHIP ON THE EXTREME LEFT IS ASHORE.

In the River Pasig, fortunately, no lives were lost, but everything was tied up in inextricable confusion. Ships, coasting schooners, and numbers of small craft were swept from their moorings, and smashing against each other, many were stove in and sunk.

Rigging, ropes, spars, and masts became hopelessly entangled, and to make matters worse, a heavy bore passed up the river, adding materially to the work of destruction.

On the morning after the typhoon the city presented a scene of indescribable disorder and desolation. As if the inhabitants had not suffered sufficiently, no sooner did the wind drop than rain began to fall. It fell steadily all night, and continued pouring for forty-eight hours, registering nearly four inches. To obtain shelter for wives and families was the first consideration, and those whose property had only been partially damaged generously threw open their doors to less fortunate friends, and their houses were soon full to overflowing. The natives, of course, were in the most miserable plight. Thousands of them had absolutely no shelter; their food and all their belongings, unprotected from the rain, were soaked and rendered useless. They were thus dependent on the charitable for the very necessaries of life.

THE EXTERIOR OF THE YANGARE SUGAR FACTORY.

Manila did not suffer alone. Bulacan, Pampanga, and all the central provinces of the Island of Luzon, as shown in the map, were equally devastated. At Bulacan many lives were lost. The extreme force of the hurricane was felt there, and for days afterwards fresh victims were discovered among the *débris*.

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THE TRAGEDY OF JOAN POLGARTH.

By Harry E. Chapman.

"That'll teach thee, then," said a brutal voice in a strong Cornish dialect, and the words were followed by the sound of a blow, a half-stifled scream from a woman, a fall, and then stillness.

A passer-by hearing the words, stopped, heard the blow, the cry, the fall, noticed the silence, and then went on his way again. Down the little village street he met an acquaintance.

"Ned Polgarth's a-teaching his wife something with his fist again," he said, jerking his head backwards to indicate the house he had lately passed.

"Poor creature," said the other, "she does have a hard life of it with him."

"Who's that?" asked a third gossip, joining the other two.

"Neighbor Trevallin here was saying that Joan Polgarth was getting her husband's hand laid on her this morning as he passed by, and I says it's a hard life she leads with him."

"Hard, do you call it! It's my opinion that if there's a hell upon earth it is at Polgarth's, and he is the devil himself for cruelty."

"A good-looking girl, too, she was before she married him. As Joan Pencoath, there wasn't a girl for miles round but had to yield her the palm for good looks."

"What could she ha' seen in Polgarth, I wonder, when she had the whole country to pick from?"

"Ah, that's it. There must 'a' been something behind it all that we don't know of."

"There was that cousin of hers, Ralph Leigh. I thought it was sure to him she'd marry."

"Ah, to be sure, he did seem a likely one, a fine cheery young fellow, too."

At this moment, Polgarth's door opened, and Ned Polgarth himself walked out and strode off toward the mine where he worked.

To the superficial observer he was a tall, handsome, good-natured looking man; perhaps a bit rough, and a dangerous man to tackle if provoked, on account of his great height and breadth of shoulder; but far different when one knew him. The good looks still remained, but they were of a coase, fierce, almost repellent kind; the rough good-nature vanished entirely and gave place to a surly brutal-tempered moroseness; whilst his passion once roused was frightful to behold and dangerous to withstand.

In the mine he was hated, but his strength made him so feared that the hate was kept out of sight. In the village he was hated, feared, and despised as that greatest of all cowards, a wife-beater. And miners and villagers alike gave bare civility and nothing else. Yet, well knowing all this, he had that morning struck his wife a cruel blow, because she, poor soul, had tried to feign ignorance of the fact that he was thus avoided.

And now she sat in their little back room, her elbows on the table, from which the breakfast things had not been cleared, her face resting on her hands, staring with fixed eyes at the fireplace, the hot glow of outraged womanhood burning on her cheeks.

She had sat like that ever since her husband had gone out, only that the look in her eyes had grown harder as the time wore on.

What had she done, she asked herself, that such treatment should be meted out to her? Was she not an obedient wife, a careful manager, and would she not have been a loving helpmate if he had only let her?

She saw herself again a pretty, light-hearted girl, with the lads for miles around anxiously seeking a favor from her as she cast her glances upon all of them, and seemed to smile upon none more than another.

There were so many she had forgotten the greater number, but as her mind ran over a few of their names, she wondered

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how they, if they were married, treated their wives.

Harry Penberthy she knew was a loving husband, and him she had secretly laughed at when he asked her to marry him.

George Davies she had seen but yesterday, with his little child crowing merrily in his arms, and looking at him so confidingly that she knew he must be a good man.

Ralph Leigh! Her small hands tightened, and her face wore an expression of bitter, tormenting pain. She had loved him dearly, passionately, until he jilted her, or she believed he had, when in a moment of pique she had accepted Edward Polgarth.

Her face clouded over again, and the look in her eyes became harder. To think that Ralph never loved any one but her, and even now was single for her sake, prospering in the world, though he was!

What a different existence to the one she was now living might have been hers!

Certainly Ned Polgarth would make two Ralph Leighs, and was handsomer, and had been a more devoted lover; besides, she had been very fond of him, thinking she loved him and determined she would make him a good wife.

And had she not?

She knew she could truthfully say, and her husband could not deny it, that she had given him all the love she could, had cared for him, and had done her duty well and brightly; in return receiving—what?

A gradual dropping on his part of the lover-like ways; a rough, nay coarse, manner of speaking, grumbling at the food, though she was known to be one of the best cooks and housewives in the district; then when she remonstrated with him, oaths and curses; finally—though she had striven to keep her own temper and do all she could not to provoke his—a blow!

Should she ever forget it?

The flush on her cheeks showed how deeply that first blow had struck—had struck not merely her face, but her heart.

Her love had been terribly shaken then, and nearly ended; but her sense of the position she stood in, as his wife, came to her aid, and she forgave and strove to forget.

He had made a clumsy attempt at an apology when he saw the mark of his blow, and she met him before he was half through with it, and with loving, tender words bade him think no more of the matter; it had been greatly her fault, and they must forgive one another and try to live better and happier lives.

She hoped after that he would be kinder; but, alas! it was not to be. A few days later his temper mastered him, and he would have struck her a second time but for the opportune entry of a neighbor.

And now of late he had grown worse, and to his other vices was adding that of a drunkard; several times lately he had come with unsteady steps from the village inn; and she had grown to fear him more than ever when he was in that state, for he thought little of striking any one then.

The previous night he had come home worse than he ever had been before; she had said nothing, had given him his supper, and awaited his going to bed patiently, so as not to irritate him.

One thought only passed through her aching head, fast discoloring where his heavy clenched fist had struck her—he had killed her love, for which she hated him, and she was fast bound up to him forever.

Angry because one of the neighbors had refused to drink with him, he had wreaked his vengeance on the poor girl he had sworn to love and cherish. She had, with loving words, tried to evade his questions as to whether she knew the reason that people avoided him; but he, his sense of honor completely gone, cried out, as he struck her with almost all his force just above her eyes, which he once had sworn were the most beautiful in the world:

"That'll teach thee, then," and as she fell headlong to the ground he coolly sat down and began his breakfast, leaving her to get up as best she could.

She had staggered to her feet, half stunned by the blow, and groped her way to a chair, from which she never stirred all the time he was there.

He finished his meal, and taking his hat, strode from the house without a word, and she had continued to sit in just the same attitude until now.

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Presently her head, paining so acutely, forced her to get some water to bathe it with, after which she began slowly to tidy up the room; but with never a variation in the hardness which seemed to have come over her face.

Thus an hour or more passed, and she never noticed a commotion that took place down in the village, but kept on, her mind racked with anguish on account of her unhappiness with the man to whom she was bound, and whom she loathed.

Another hour passed, and another, but her emotions grew deeper and stronger, until she felt that all she desired was to die —when she would be at rest.

A knock at the door roused her, and she opened it to find the clergyman of the parish standing outside.

Something in his look startled her. It was not with his usual cheery smile that he asked permission to enter, but with a hesitating voice and troubled mien.

"Did your husband go to the mine this morning, Mrs. Polgarth?" he asked as he entered the little sitting-room.

"Yes, sir, I think so," she replied.

"I asked," he went on, "hoping he had not, for unfortunately a deep sorrow has come into our midst very suddenly indeed. There has been an accident in the Lulworth this morning. A large portion of the mine has fallen in, and some of the men, I am afraid, are entombed either behind or under it. Amongst the missing is, I fear, your husband."

She said nothing, and betrayed no emotion whatever, but gazed at him with a strange, fixed look, which he had noticed come over her face when he mentioned there had been an accident.

"I cannot, dare not hold out any hope of his safety, but must tell you the truth, that he, as well as those who are with him, must be looked upon as dead."

No change even then in the strange expression; scarcely any in the attitude of the woman, except a sudden clasping of the hands, and for a moment the good clergyman thought his words could not have conveyed their full meaning to her, and he essayed to find another way to break the tidings.

She, however, understood. And it was the understanding that deprived her for the time of all power of either speech or movement.

"Leave me, sir, leave me," she at length managed to gasp. And the clergyman, thinking her tears were restrained by his presence, murmured a prayer that her affliction might be lightened, and, with a pitying look, went softly out.

A horrible desire to laugh now took possession of the solitary woman, so much so that she had to bite her lips to prevent herself from giving way to this wild emotion. The pain of her struggle was awful, and her bosom heaved convulsively as she fought desperately against it.

Dead! She was free! It seemed too good to be true.

Free. Free as the air! Yes, as the air she was choking for, and she staggered to the window and took in deep draughts of the sea-laden breeze that came up softly from over the distant cliffs and across the meadows.

Ah! those blows, they had left their mark more deeply than the striker ever dreamed of, and the pain of them now on her heart outweighed all regret for him, and bade her rather be thankful she was released from him.

As the day wore on sympathetic neighbors came in and condoled with her, and through them she learned what there was to know—a sudden fall of earth from the roof of the mine, stopping up all communications with those working on the far side of it.

As no sound could be heard from them, it was assumed they had either been crushed or suffocated, but relays of men were endeavoring to dig a way through; though it was agreed by every one who had any practical experience of such matters that the labor could not result in the saving of any lives.

Presently, however, a rumor came that a faint knocking had been heard proceeding from the other side of the fall; to the relatives of the other imprisoned men the

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news gave hope to each one that "her" man would be brought forth alive. To Joan Polgarth it brought neither fear nor rejoicing; her husband was dead and that was enough; her heart told her so, and she remained tranquil.

The hopes thus raised were dashed down the next day when no further knockings were heard, and the dead body of one man, crushed almost beyond recognition, was discovered in the midst of the fallen earth.

During the day three more bodies were found, and no hope remained that the men behind the earth would be found alive.

Joan Polgarth sat in her house that evening; her mind was quieter now, and she was thinking that she would stay in the village no longer than she could help; she would go to her brother, a farmer, near Bideford, and rest before doing anything else.

The next day came, and with it a letter in a hand totally unknown to her.

She opened it, and turned to the signature first.

A cry of mingled astonishment and pleasure broke from her, a flush mantled her cheeks and her eyes sparkled.

The name signed at the end was "Ralph Leigh," and the writer said he had heard of her loss, and hastened to express his sympathy with her. As her cousin, he hoped if there were anything he could do then or later, she would not hesitate to apply to him.

Altogether, it was such a letter as a man loving a woman with all his heart, yet not daring openly to tell her so while she was yet in the midst of her bereavement, might write; and Joan Polgarth, with quick feminine intuition, knew what he meant, and kissed the letter a hundred times.

All day long she thought of it; and if her conscience pricked her at any time for so thinking, when as yet her husband's body lay crushed in the mine, she told herself, and felt in her heart she spoke truly, that no love had existed between her and the dead man. He had killed it all by his coarseness and brutality, and she could not mourn his death, so far as it affected herself.

The third day broke, and the first thing that came to her hearing was a message, sent hastily up by the manager of the mine, to say that the fallen earth had been removed sufficiently for the space behind to be explored, and that all the bodies, including her husband's, had been found.

A feverish anxiety now took the place of the calm tranquillity that she had shown, and she could settle to nothing.

It was true, then—her life of unhappiness was over, and one of peace and love was about to rise before her. Her ears, accustomed to oaths and hard words, were to hear tender and gentle speech; her eyes, instead of looking on a sullen, drunken sot, would feast upon a cheerful, honorable man; blows would give place to worship.

She would write him at once, thanking him for his kindly letter and accepting his proffered advice and help.

The reply was begun, considered with loving hesitation, and at length finished.

She held it in her hand, and was crossing the room, when she caught sight of herself in the glass, and stopped.

Was that indeed Joan Polgarth? That happy, bright-eyed woman, who seemed to have grown young again as she stood with a flood of golden sunlight falling upon her!

"You're a nice widow—a-looking at yourself that way," said a well-known voice behind her.

With a scream of agony, fear, and sorrow, she turned—and saw her husband!

"Thought I was dead, eh? And had an eye on number two. Well, others thought so too; but the doctor brought me round, the only one he could, and here I am again, a bit shaky, but mighty hungry. Get me something to eat, and don't stand staring there like a stuck pig."

Pale, haggard, and with the old pain gnawing at her heart, but tenfold deeper, she crushed her letter to Ralph Leigh up in her pocket. The sunlight died away behind a thick, murky cloud that had suddenly come before it, and she turned away to do his bidding.

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ADRIANA BILLINI.

THE WOMEN OF CUBA.

By Ella Godinez.

The spirit of the age has awakened in Cuba. From the dark nooks and crannies the mists and cobwebs, accumulated through years of neglect, are being cleared by the brooms of the American administration. Startled, the woman of Cuba looks timidly across to where her American sister stands bathed in the full radiance of the sun of liberty and independence. She sees that sister largely emancipated from the small conventionalities and petty jealousies which have hitherto retarded the progress of the sex. She beholds the rapid advance of the higher education of women, and her increased opportunities for gaining a livelihood, or of creating for herself a niche among the famous in art, science, and literature. Small wonder that her heart should throb and pulses quicken at the glorious vision!

After years of oppression and repression, the woman of Cuba to-day stands waiting to join her sisters—to break the shackles of conventionalities which surround and impede her.

"Notwithstanding so many obstacles," says Aurelia Castillo de Gonzalez, a Cuban writer of much ability, "the horizon has immensely broadened. Those countries in which civilization most rapidly progresses, are each day more propitious to the advancement of our sex. We, the women of Cuba, do not belong to a country which can be classed among these. On the contrary, our attempts in that direction have been retarded in the same proportion that has marked the progress of other peoples.

"To-day we are called upon to demonstrate to the world our title to culture. From our island, we, envious of that good fortune which the women of other countries already possess, salute those brave spirits who, while

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Photo by Cohner.

SEÑORITA MARIA RUIZ.

Photo by Reutlinger.

LA MARQUESA DE LARRINAGA.

SEÑORA FRANCISCA LOPEZ-TRIGO DE DIHIGO.

SEÑORITA FRANCISCA PEREZ VENTO.

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MARIA LUISA DOLZ, FOUNDER OF A COLLEGE FOR YOUNG LADIES IN HAVANA.

JOSEFINA HERRERA, DAUGHTER OF THE COUNT OF FERNANDINA.

SEÑORITA MARGARITA MENDOZA Y MONTALVO, GRANDDAUGHTER OF CHIEF JUSTICE MONTALVO OF HAVANA.

SEÑORA ELVIRA MARTINEZ DE MELERO, A FAMOUS CUBAN ARTIST.

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SEÑORITA MARIA LUISA CHARTRAND, A YOUNG CUBAN PIANISTE.

maintaining our right to justice in both Europe and America, are working for the future. We do not say to them, 'Here we come to aid you,'—but, 'Here we are, applauding your efforts, and silently preparing to take advantage of what you, the fortunate ones, who live in such vast centres of culture, have struggled so long to conquer, both for yourselves and—for us!'"

Thus far, Cuba has not been able to offer to her daughters the advantages of a Vassar or a Wellesley; but this has not daunted those who, imbued with the true thirst for learning, have there, as elsewhere, overcome the obstacles to their ambition. The first woman to knock at the doors of the University of Havana, and demand admission, was the Señorita Laura Carvajal, now the wife of the noted oculist, Dr. Lopez. Taking the degree of M.D. with the highest honors, she has since devoted herself to learning the specialty of her husband, and assisting him in his labors.

Since then, a number of Cuban girls have followed the example set by the brilliant Dr. Laura Lopez, and have graduated with honors at the University.

Señorita Maria Luisa Dolz, one of these, has consecrated her entire fortune, her time, her intelligence, and her heart, to the sacred work of bettering the condition of women in her native country. The "*Directora*" of the girl's college "Isabel la Catolica," she stands to-day in the foremost ranks of those who, by the propaganda of new doctrines, have removed so many impediments from the path of their sisters in the pursuit of learning.

Among the most distinguished devotees of art is Elvira Martinez de Melero, whose specialty is marine painting. "In Havana Harbor," one of the best known of her works, was exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893.

Although the Cuban young girl looks somewhat askance at the freedom accorded her American sister, there is no doubt a *soupçon* of envy in her regard; and it is probable that as the island becomes more Americanized, the rigidity of the old customs will be somewhat relaxed in the future.

SEÑORITA ELENE HERRERA, DAUGHTER OF THE COUNT OF FERNANDINA.

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THE ORIGIN OF THE VALENTINE.

By Isabel Smithson.

Another Valentine's Day is at hand, and the shop-windows contain the usual arrays of gilded lace paper, nosegays, and spangles, true-lovers' knots, and all the appropriate folderols.

We glance contemptuously at the glittering trifles, and wonder how any one can value them, and then we recall our childhood days when the sight of a large, embossed envelope in the hands of the postman used to give us a thrill of delight—and the bigger the envelope, the deeper the thrill.

It would seem, at first sight, that there could be little or no connection between these frivolous-looking objects and a venerable bishop of the early Christian Church, and yet an authentic writer tells us that Bishop Valentine was so famous for love and charity that the custom of choosing valentines took his name.

History says that Valentinus was a holy and devoted pastor in the third century, and that during the persecution of Christians in Rome, ordered by Emperor Claudius II., he went about fearlessly among his suffering flock, tenderly encouraging the timid to persevere in faith, praying with the dying, and burying the dead until his own turn came.

He was kept a prisoner for some time, and succeeded in converting many pagans, but on the 14th of February, A.D. 270, he was cruelly beaten with clubs, then beheaded, and his body cast into the Tiber.

The Christians celebrated the anniversaries of their beloved pastor's martyrdom, and about a century after, Pope Julius I. caused his canonization, and built a church to his memory.

Pagan Rome had long held the latter half of February (when the birds began to mate) sacred to their goddess Juno, as the patroness of marriages and births, and on the eve of the festival the young people used to assemble for the ceremony of "drawing names." Strips of paper, each bearing the name of a young man, were mixed together, and each young woman would draw out a name and thus decide who should be her partner in the dancing and merry-makings of the festival. Among the pagans these festivities in honor of Juno Februata were generally made the excuse for the wildest revelry and disorder.

The Christians called the paper billets *valentines*, because the names were drawn on the 14th of February, the day of the gentle Valentine's death, and this is generally supposed to be the origin of the custom of sending illuminated love-letters, which has come down to our day. The supposition seems a natural one, and it is much more reasonable than the assertion made recently that the association of the poetic custom with the saint was merely accidental. The practice existed in England and Scotland in very early days, and prevailed among young people of all classes, from the highest to the lowest. Chaucer mentions it, and it must have begun long before his day.

It is also referred to by Shakespeare and many other poets.

Strange to say, we have no proof of the custom ever being universal in France, although the first *written* valentine on record was the work of a Frenchman, the gallant young Charles, Duke of Orleans, who, taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt in 1415, beguiled the tedium of his captivity by composing a poem which he sent to his lady-love on Valentine's Day.

In the time of Charles II. it was the custom in England for young people to draw each other's names and exchange presents on Valentine's Day.

Walter Scott writes about this in his "Fair Maid of Perth."

It would be hard to say just how the decorated "valentine" of our day originated; but we are eye-witnesses to the fact that the old custom has not entirely died out.

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ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

"HOBBIES?—WELL, I HAVE A FONDNESS FOR FRAMED PHOTOGRAPHS OF MY FAVORITE FRIENDS."

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"INSPIRATIONS?—I GET MANY FROM MY FIRELIGHT."

"AND THE OCEAN ROLLS WITHIN A FEW YARDS OF MY WINDOW."

"SOMETIMES MY ANGORA BECOMES JEALOUS OF MY WRITING."

"THE DRIVES AROUND SHORT BEACH ARE DELIGHTFUL, AND THAT IS MY CHIEF RECREATION: NOW I MUST BE GOING."

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THE CURATE AND THE ACTRESS.

By Rafael Sabatini.

When I mention that Andrew Barrington was a saint, it is almost unnecessary for me to add that he had no pretensions to that emptiest of empty titles, "A Man of the World," for it is already an established and recognized fact that sanctity is a quality not generally reckoned among the many accomplishments of such.

To thoroughly avoid evil it is necessary to be on intimate terms with it, and where a hardened sinner would have triflingly withstood its onslaught, the Rev. Andrew Barrington was conquered and laid by the heels, despite his armor of piety and virtue, on the strength of which he had reckoned overconfidently.

Now, when Andrew's landlady diffidently mentioned that a young lady of the theatrical profession had taken rooms, for a month or so, in her house, a man of the world would have said to himself, "Let us have a look at her." He would have availed himself of the first opportunity to submit the lady to his critical eye, remarking perhaps, "Not bad," and then his *blasé* spirit would have been at rest, and he would have thought of her no more.

But Andrew's mode of procedure was unfortunately a less wise, and, despite his sanctity, a less exemplary one.

He grew red in the face when the news was brought to him, and worried over the event for two entire days—and the better part of two nights, which resulted in a certain pallor and seedy appearance settling upon his countenance, such as slanderous tongues—if there were any in the world—might set down to dissipation.

To have a woman, and a young one to wit, sharing the same roof was evil enough; but that this woman should be an actress! —a saintly shudder ran through his slender young frame at the mere thought, and for forty-eight consecutive hours he dared not venture forth lest he should chance upon this vulgar, painted female, with straw-colored hair and pencilled lashes, of whom he had caught a glimpse through the window on the day following upon that of her arrival.

He had been glad to come to Stollbridge, for it promised him freedom to pursue his studies in peace, and away from the world; and here, upon his retreat, the fates had flung a very substantial sample of that

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world which he sought to be rid of for a while.

For two whole days he revolved the painful matter in his mind, with the obvious result that when he awoke upon the third morning after the lady's advent, he was firmly resolved upon setting out that day in quest of new and uncontaminated quarters for his meditations.

His manner was scarcely genial when he apprised Mrs. Jones of his determination, but there are bounds even to the endurance of a curate, and there are times when a little warmth of expression may be justifiable in him.

His landlady was disconsolate, and a corner of her apron was called into requisition as an illustration of her grief and an ally in her protestations, but Andrew was obdurate.

"It was unkind of you, Mrs. Jones," he said, "to have done this. Moreover, it was injudicious and unbusinesslike—for, seeing that there was every possibility of my remaining with you for the next year, I think that I might have been consulted before this er-hem-lady"—and the saint's tones grew actually sarcastic over the word—"was admitted to the same house for a single month."

"I didn't know, sir, as you'd object," whimpered the landlady.

The silent look which the curate bestowed upon her in reply contained more eloquence than could be found in all the orations of Cicero, and the manner in which he slammed the door after his departing self told of a resolve that no living thing could alter.

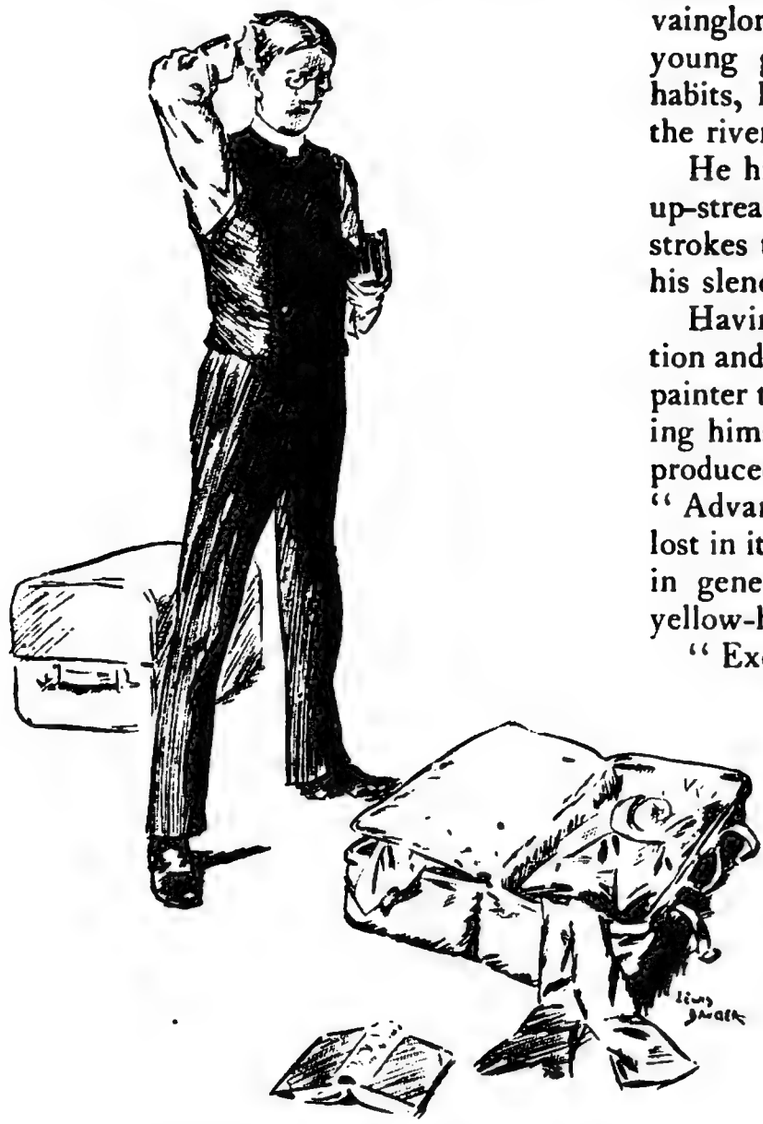
He walked down to the office of the bi-weekly *Stollbridge Chronicle*, and, having handed in an advertisement, wherein he vaingloriously announced himself as a young gentleman of quiet and studious habits, he set off at a brisk pace toward the river.

He hired a boat and was soon speeding up-stream, propelled by long, sweeping strokes that belied the apparent frailty of his slender figure.

Having sculled himself into a perspiration and into a quiet backwater, he tied the painter to the trunk of a tree, and stretching himself in the bottom of the boat, he produced a calf-bound copy of Hyland's "Advanced Psychology," and was soon lost in its metaphysical depths to the world in general and the haunting idea of the yellow-haired actress in particular.

"Excuse me, sir," said a sweet, melodious voice, breaking in upon Andrew's studies and dragging him from the dry abstract into a very interesting study of the concrete, "but could you direct me to Stollbridge?"

The young man's head went half-way round his Roman collar, and his eyes opened very wide, the better to behold the charming apparition standing on the bank close by, in a half-timid, half-respectful attitude.



HE WAS FIRMLY RESOLVED UPON SETTING OUT.

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So ecstatic was his admiration that he forgot to answer her question until she repeated it, whereupon he blushed like a girl and removed his hat.

"There is a way across the fields," he replied, "but if you are unacquainted with the country, I should advise you to keep to the river."

"Thank you. Is it far?"

"About four miles."

The girl gave a little frightened gasp.

"Four miles!" she echoed; "why, it will be dusk before I get there. How annoying! This comes of exploring a country."

"Have you walked far?" he ventured timidly.

"Far!" she exclaimed. "I must have walked miles. I left Stollbridge at eleven this morning, intending to visit Calvert Hall. I was told that there was a short cut across the fields, which reduced the distance to two miles. I attempted to follow out the minute directions which I had received, with the result that I lost myself hopelessly, and have been wandering about ever since."

"EXCUSE ME, SIR," SAID A SWEET VOICE.

"Dear me!" ejaculated Andrew, then added brilliantly, "You must be tired!"

"I should think I am," she answered; "wouldn't you be?"

Andrew confessed that such a contingency was probable, and then for a moment he pondered over something that had come into his mind. He noted that she was young, that she was very pretty, and very ladylike, both in dress and manners, and this observation troubled him not a little. Had she been elderly or unattractive, his duty would have been clear to him. As it was——

He brought his reasoning to an abrupt termination by offering timidly to take her back to Stollbridge in his boat.

She hesitated at first, looked demure, and spoke of troubling and of not knowing him, but ended by accepting his invitation.

Of course, it could not be expected that these two would travel over those four miles of tranquil river in silence. They chatted affably, and the girl even displayed a certain spirit of innocent *badinage* which played sad havoc with Andrew's nerves.

He noticed that her eyes were dark and large, and had a trick of opening wide at times like those of a puzzled child; that her hair was of a bright auburn; that her complexion was as delicate as that of a peach; that her mouth was small and sensitive; and that her figure, although *petite*, was well proportioned.

By the time they had travelled a mile it occurred to the curate that there was no reason why he should fatigue himself by over-vigorous sculling. They would reach Stollbridge quite soon enough. Of course, he told himself that it was not of the least consequence *when* they arrived, but down in his heart of hearts he knew that he was not telling himself exactly the truth, for—well—she was very pretty, and fresh, and innocent, and he was very young.

"You are of course a visitor at Stollbridge?" he inquired presently, and he actually began to fear the conversational powers that he was displaying.

"Oh, yes," she replied frankly, "I am only here for three or four weeks."

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Andrew was burning to ask her how much of the three or four weeks might still be left, but he thought the question too bold; so, with a sigh, he stifled it and grew silent.

"Do you often come on the river?" the girl inquired after a pause.

"Almost every day when it is fine."

"And do you often pity ladies who have lost their way and take them back to Stollbridge in your boat?"

"I?" he ejaculated in accents of the profoundest horror. He looked straight at her to see if she were in earnest, whereat she burst into a sweet, rippling laugh, suggestive—so he thought—of a brook in summer. "I—I assure you that I do not!" he stammered.

"What a pity!" she answered archly.

Andrew felt uncomfortable as the suspicion arose in his mind that, despite his cloth, she was amusing herself at his expense; he muttered something about not understanding why the circumstance should be a lamentable one.

It was not until he had assisted her out of the boat at Stollbridge that she made her meaning clear to him.

"If it were a regular practice of yours," she said, and her eyes had a mischievous look in them like those of a kitten at play, "I might be tempted soon to lose myself again, for I never enjoyed the river so much as this evening. I wonder why?"

Andrew blushed up to the roots of his hair and deemed her innocent outspokenness very embarrassing. Then, for the first time in his life, he became guilty of a gallant speech.

"No more have I," he replied in a whisper—for his sanctity was afraid that the innocent-looking boatman might have ears like other people—"and if you should contrive to lose yourself again—well—I should be happy to find you."

He realized that he had expressed himself clumsily, and yet he felt that he ought rather to be ashamed of his boldness. But then, as I have said already, he was very young, and she was very sweet, and she had very wonderful eyes. Those eyes haunted him as he walked home alone, and he told himself a dozen times that he was a churl for not having seen her to the door of her dwelling in spite of her remonstrances.

For the next four days it rained almost incessantly, which kept Andrew indoors. Moreover, he was busy packing his belongings, for he had found suitable rooms near at hand, and he was preparing to move into them; this he eventually did on the fifth day after his adventure.

He came across the lady with the straw-colored hair once or twice before he left his old quarters, and his eyes scarcely contained upon such occasions that sympathetic benevolence which is supposed to be characteristic of churchmen.

At last he was installed in his new rooms, unpolluted by the presence of any painted ballet girl—for thus he now defined her.

The next day was Sunday, and, as principle forbade him from boating on that day of pious indolence, he was out of humor. He was especially concerned at not seeing his fair unknown in church and at a loss how to account for her absence.

But on the Monday, the weather being fine, he went out again and sculled himself into the same shady backwater by the old mill. Only he left his psychological volume behind him this time, and spent two solid hours watching the horizon and thinking of her lovely eyes. He was just beginning to despair, when suddenly the silence was broken by a voice, which, although he had heard it but once, was deeply graven on his memory.

"Please, sir, could you direct me to Stollbridge?"

He looked round to meet her laughing eyes, and laughing in return with pleasure and amusement he rose, as on the former occasion, to hand her into the boat.

And so it fell out that every day at about the same hour the siren's voice would come to ask the saint to show her the way to Stollbridge, until one day matters grew so bad that the Rev. Andrew Barrington actually allowed it to escape him that he should be delighted not only to take her as far as Stollbridge, but a very considerable distance farther.

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As a matter of fact, Andrew was in love and out of his senses, as a good many more young men have been when too constantly thrown into the company of an attractive morsel of unchaperoned femininity.

And who would blame him? He was an idealist, and here, in Miss Ellaline de Vaud—for so she had told him that she was named—he had found the incarnation of his ideal. A girl fresh as a rose-bud, pure as the mountain air, and invested with an innocence which was clearly betrayed by the unsophisticated remarks that fell from her dainty lips.

So unsophisticated were some of these that in any other woman but herself Andrew would have deemed them a trifle unmaidenly.

She was too innocent to understand the curate's gentle metaphor about a longer journey than that to Stollbridge, so she merely smiled, and, taking him literally, told him that if he liked he might scull her up-stream as far as Widenham. And he had not the courage at the moment to put his metaphor into plainer language.

All this went on for the better part of a fortnight (during which the curate's studies and meditations were severely neglected), until at last the vicar, who was an intimate, although somewhat paternal friend of Andrew's, thought fit to administer a gentle remonstrance.

But Andrew flew as near a temper as his sanctity—rather rusty of late—would allow, and he told the vicar in plain and very much unvarnished language that he was quite old enough to choose his own companions.

"Yes, yes," replied the vicar, absorbing some of the heat which Andrew was giving out, "but it isn't *that!* A certain amount of example is expected from us, you know, and—well—you go out boating every day by yourself and come back accompanied, and—of course people are beginning to talk, which is very distressing!"

For a moment Andrew's sanctity deserted him wholly and the Evil One took possession of his heart, for, bringing his fist down upon the table with unmistakable vehemence, he very roundly told the vicar that *people* might go to the devil.

The vicar's face was as interesting as a kaleidoscope at this unexpected rejoinder, and the tone in which he pointed out to Andrew that it was the earthly mission of the clergy to direct people in quite the opposite direction savored strongly of pity.

Then he took up his hat and umbrella, and with a sorrowful shake of the head he sighingly wished Andrew good-day and left him.

The saint was furious.

"How dare the insidious world talk of me and my movements?" he asked himself indignantly. "And to think that even so right-minded a man as the vicar should be affected by what he heard!"

If he had been a man of the world, Andrew might have been justified in competing for a prominent place in the history of profane utterance—as it was, he could only do some remarkably strong thinking. The result was that half an hour later he was tearing down toward the river with a speed born of righteous indignation and a burning desire to set matters right once for all time.

Yes. It was the only thing to do. He was fortunately the possessor of a nice private income, which would allow him to live in blissful independence, and he was determined upon asking Miss de Vaud to take him and his money to church and marry the lot.

Of course it would have been more correct of him to have called at her rooms. Unfortunately, however, he was in ignorance of their locality, for—with a praiseworthy disinterestedness and an acumen wonderful in one so simple—she had always parted from him at the boat-house, forbidding him to walk through the streets with her by saying that "people might talk."

Under these circumstances he thought the river would serve his purpose, and he prayed fervently as he went that her fancy might lead her again to the old mill.

Evidently his prayer was answered, for there he found her, sitting on the grass, and looking demure in a white dress and a

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pretty hat — Madonna-like he thought her.

With an original comment upon the heat of the sun and the clearness of the sky, he assisted her into the boat—she accomplishing the embarkation with the orthodox display of ankle—and arranged her cushions with something more than his wonted solicitude.

Then taking the oars again, he pulled vigorously away in the direction of Widenham. He had in his mind a certain picturesque bower formed by the overhanging boughs of a beech tree, and beneath the generous shade of this it was his purpose to call a halt and broach the delicate subject. He could do nothing but think of what he should say—and never did a sermon give him half the trouble and anxiety —so that naturally he was strangely silent and preoccupied.

She endured this for a while; but when she had asked him for the third time whether he felt the heat, and he had answered her with a fatuous smile that "he thought them very charming indeed," she deemed it time to awaken him. So giving the left rope a vicious tug, she skilfully steered him into a hawthorn bush, which, if not in bloom, was very amply *in thorn*—a circumstance which he appreciated without the aid of his eyes.

As he pushed the boat back he remarked, with a sweet smile which made his scratches bleed, that it did not signify in the least. Then a bold idea entered his mind—evoked by memories of a novel or two read in those sinful days of his boyhood—and in words which, if slightly lacking in veracity, were certainly rich in poetry and fervor, he protested that for her sake he would gladly shed every drop of blood in his veins. In fact, he almost appeared to suggest that blood had been given him for no other purpose.

She blushed in the most highly approved fashion, and applied herself to a careful study of her tan shoes. Noticing this favorable sign, and finding the ice fairly broken, Andrew left the nose of the boat in the hawthorn bush where it had caught, forgot the bower half a mile farther up the river, and started forthwith upon the accelerated display of amorous rhetoric.

Pale and gasping, with thumping heart and twitching hands, he told his story; now halting and stammering, now plunging headlong into a torrent of verbiage and incoherence.

And she, while contemplating the pat-

SHE SKILFULLY STEERED HIM INTO A HAWTHORN BUSH.

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tern of her dainty shoe, dimly realized that he was asking her to become his wife. Not that she understood the wild jumble of words that fell from his lips, but being a woman—and therefore possessed of infallible intuition, to say nothing of former experiences—she guessed it. And having guessed, her heart began to beat—not so much out of sympathy as out of dread lest he should capsize the boat before he had finished.

At last he stopped, and signified by mopping the perspiration from his forehead and the blood from his cheeks that he had finished.

A crafty and designing woman of the world would no doubt have commented upon the suddenness of the proposal. The simple, unsophisticated child before him did otherwise. Raising for a moment her soft, dark eyes and favoring him with a glance half coy, half tender—

"I am so happy, Andrew," she murmured, "so happy!"

The enraptured lover would have fallen upon his knees had he not remembered in time the disastrous results which might follow upon so rash an act. He had to content himself with stretching across the boat and seizing the hand she half extended toward him.

"You love me? You really love me?" the poor boy whispered incredulously.

"More than I can tell you," she answered, casting down her eyes.

Upon this followed many touching words, many sighs, and many impassioned glances. But the sun *will* set, in spite of lovers, and presently, with one more sigh, Andrew was obliged to release the boat from the bush wherein his joy had found a painful source, and turn his way homeward.

He was more eager than ever to accompany her home when they had landed at Stollbridge. But she insisted upon going alone, and, despite his remonstrances and expressions of contempt for public opinion, alone she went.

Notwithstanding this, as Andrew Barrington made his way to his rooms he felt himself indeed a happy man, and many were the thoughts of pleasant anticipation he bestowed upon the morrow. But the morrow brought him a perfumed note containing a disappointment. She had been suddenly called to town, she wrote, by a telegram which informed her that her dear aunt was dangerously ill. Would he write?

He put the note down on the table; then snatched it up, and blushing furiously, he crumpled it into his pocket as the maid-of-all-work entered with his breakfast tray.

He felt better when she had gone, and began to think. He drew her note from his pocket and read it again. At the word "aunt" he came to a full stop. It suggested a family. And with the suggestion came a sickening dread that her people—whoever they might be—should oppose their union. The anxiety was too awful to be borne. He must do something. Again his eye fell upon the note. "Will you write?" Yes, he would write at once. He got the necessary materials together, and, sitting down, he pondered deeply for perhaps half an hour. At last with a sigh he took up the pen and began. He worked assiduously for an hour, and the contents of his waste-paper basket grew steadily during the time. But in the end his critical spirit was satisfied, and he appended his signature to one of the most richly tinted flowers of rhetoric that ever bloomed between the leaves of a parson's blotting-pad. What he had written might have been summed up concisely into three sentences: "I love you. I shall never love any one else. If your parents forbid our marriage I shall be disconsolate."

But, as every one versed in such matters must know, these three sentences afford very considerable scope for elaboration. It need not, therefore, cause great surprise that by a zealous regard for detail Andrew was enabled to cover eight pages of notepaper with closely written matter. Although there may be many who could do better, still, for a saint, Andrew did very well.

The reply came promptly, and set him in a fever of delight. She had no parents,

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and therefore no wishes but her own to consult. Her aunt was better, and she hoped to return to Stollbridge in a day or two. She loved him, and she trusted that he was devoting a little of his thoughts to her. Then came the signature "Ella"—a name which Andrew kept uttering aloud, until the maid-of-all-work disgusted him into silence by putting her head into the room and inquiring whether he had called her.

Ella would return in a day or two! And here again those novels read in early youth came to his aid, and he remembered what was expected of him. He had no time to lose; he must run up to town at once and buy the ring.

He put his hat on—a trifle jauntily for a saint—and went round to the vicarage to obtain his superior's sanction of the journey.

He had not seen the vicar since their somewhat unhappy parting of some three days ago, and it was not without a certain trepidation that he entered the presence of that worthy man.

The Rev. Mr. Ritson turned from the papers with which he had been occupied to greet Andrew.

He was a man of medium height, with iron-gray hair and a rosy, clean-shaven face. The levity suggested by a slight upward tilt of his nose was redeemed by the portly dignity of his figure.

"Ah, good-morning, Andrew. Won't you sit down?"

Andrew sat down, and dangled his hat between his knees in a nervous fashion.

"I have come to ask you whether it would be inconvenient if I were to run up to London for a day or two."

"Certainly not," the vicar answered with a kindly smile. "Go by all means if you——"

Mr. Ritson stopped abruptly, and the smile died from his good-humored lips. He suddenly remembered having learnt that Miss de Vaud had left Stollbridge two days ago. He was a man of some insight and some worldly experience, and the conclusion he arrived at by a simple process of deduction was not flattering to Andrew. He turned his clear hazel eyes sternly upon the young man.

"Might I inquire," he said coldly, "what your motives are for going to London?"

"I was about to tell you, sir."

"Oh!" The vicar concluded from this disposition to confess that his apprehensions were certainly unfounded, and he hastened to relax the rigorous position of his facial muscles, being anxious to make up in kindness to Andrew for the slight his imagination had for a moment cast upon the young man.

"You see, Mr. Ritson, I was twenty-four years of age last birthday. And—and—I have been thinking of getting married."

The vicar raised his eyebrows in surprise, and, passing his hands under his coat-tails, smiled again.

"You are thinking of marrying! Ah, well, well—a very praiseworthy resolution."

Being a bachelor, the vicar was in a position to make an assertion of this character without any qualms regarding its veracity.

Andrew gathered courage from the words, and explained the motive of his visit to London.

"Of course, of course," the vicar agreed, "but you haven't said anything about the lady of your choice yet. Come, what is she like? One of my parishioners?"

Andrew remembered their last conversation, and grew distinctly nervous.

"I think you know her, sir," he answered. "I had the misfortune to disagree with you the other day about the conversational topic I was affording Stollbridge. I have decided to set matters right by marrying Miss de Vaud, whom I very dearly—for whom I have a very deep regard."

The vicar did not say much. But what he did say was pregnant with meaning of an eminently discourteous and even sinister character.

"But—but," stammered Andrew, "I don't understand."

"Great heavens, sir," Mr. Ritson interrupted. "Have you taken leave of

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your senses, or has this woman ensnared you into——"

"Sir!" cried Andrew, rising, indignant, and confronting him.

The vicar looked at him for a moment, then shook his head sorrowfully.

"So? It's so bad as all that, is it?" he murmured. "Well, well, I'm sorry for you, Andrew—you are a young man of great promise. But—think it over; think it over carefully, and come to me again."

"My mind is quite made up, sir."

"Yes, but it may change. I hope it will, for although it would give me very great pain, you will understand that if you persist in your mad intention of marrying an actress——"

"Marrying a WHAT?" ejaculated Andrew.

"An actress, I said."

Andrew laughed curiously.

"There is some misunderstanding; I didn't mention an actress."

He uttered the word "actress" as if it were an improper expression which contaminated his saintly tongue.

Mr. Ritson gazed at the young man in undisguised amazement, and began to entertain a very deep concern anent his sanity.

"Did you or did you not say that you were going to marry Miss de Vaud—Miss Ellaline de Vaud; to make myself plainer still—the Miss Ellaline de Vaud with whom you have been philandering on the river, much to every right-minded person's disgust?"

Andrew might have taken objection at another time to the impropriety of the word "*philandering*." But the season was inopportune for any subtle diagnosis of English vocables. He merely allowed his parched lips to murmur an assent.

"Well then—" The vicar stopped abruptly, as new light broke in upon his mind.

"MARRYING A WHAT?" EJACULATED ANDREW.

"Do you mean to tell me that you did not know she was an actress? that she was the very woman on whose account you changed your rooms?"

Andrew gasped beneath the load of this revelation. He glanced wildly about him, and out through the window. Some one passing at that moment riveted his attention. Springing across the room, he drew aside the curtains.

"Who's that?" he asked excitedly.

The vicar looked out and beheld a woman crossing the road. She wore a gown of prismatic hues, and her hair was of a golden yellow.

"That, I believe," he answered slowly,

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"is Miss de Vaud's maid or dresser, or whatever they call such creatures."

"It is the woman I fled from. I understand it all now." And dropping into a chair, Andrew mopped his face.

Mr. Ritson laid his hand kindly upon the young man's shoulder, and sought to console him.

"Fortunately there is no real harm done, Andrew," he said presently. "I suppose you have not written to her?"

"Oh, but I *have*," cried Andrew, wringing his hands. "And *such* a letter!"

"Good heavens, man! Oh, Andrew, how could you? Think—think of the disgrace to the cloth if this designing woman drags you into a breach-of-promise action!"

Andrew groaned, and the vicar—being unable to think of anything more appropriate—groaned to keep him company.

* * * * * *

A week went by without any fresh developments, saving the departure of the maid, which, the vicar contended, was a sign that Miss de Vaud was not returning to Stollbridge. Andrew received two letters from her. The first was a passionate appeal to his affections and a gentle chiding for his silence. He almost wept over it—and had not the vicar intervened in time, he might have gone the length of answering it.

The second one, which came four days later, was somewhat abusive, and contained a veiled menace. Andrew wept no more—he perspired.

Then another week followed, during which the poor, errant saint lived day and night in a torture of apprehension.

His health was threatening to give way when at last the gods saw fit to turn their thumbs up, and his suspense was ended.

The vicar was the first to bring him the joyful and unexpected tidings that Miss de Vaud was Miss de Vaud no longer. She was married. Yes, there was no doubt about it. Andrew read the announcement himself in the *Telegraph*, and the brief sketch of her career, which was now supposed to have terminated.

He was able to smile, and to feel very thankful at his escape. The same day a letter bearing the London postmark and in a familiar handwriting was delivered to him.

It ran:

> You will no doubt have learnt before this reaches you of the marriage of that woman for whom you professed such deep and lasting affection, and whom you were horrified to afterwards learn—as I gather from your silence—was nothing more than a designing, wicked actress. I am sorry if I have wounded your vanity or your heart, but I could not withstand the temptation of testing the mettle of the young curate who fled in pious horror from under the roof which had the misfortune to shelter an actress. I hope that I have succeeded in proving to you at least that the horror you felt was only inspired by a word, and that, after all, an actress may still be sufficiently a woman to cause even a saint to come down from his pedestal and woo her.

She concluded by informing him that she had told her husband everything there was to tell concerning their "flirtation"—he gnashed his teeth at the word—and she enclosed the passionate letter which he had written her and for which she had no further use.

He had not the courage to read his own letter over again. But he took the immediate precaution of burning the two epistles in the same fire.

He has since become an ardent advocate of the celibacy of the clergy, and a trite aphorism which he is never tired of uttering is that appearances are extremely deceptive.

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By Athol Forbes,

Author of "Cassock and Comedy."

"God!" he gasped, "I never dreamed of anything like this."

"Forward, Cavaliers!" shouted the captain of his corps.

Cornet Graham grasped his sword, but he was powerless to use it. He managed to sit upon his horse and no more. Guide it he could not; he simply abandoned himself to its guidance.

A few hours ago he had not heard a shot fired in anger; now he was in a surging mass of men who struggled in deadly combat for mastery; two contending rivers of steel seemed to be let loose, and a sound as of an Inferno pounded his brain and turned him dizzy.

"Forward, Cavaliers!" sang out the captain, and his followers responded with a roar. Blows fell with rending crash upon steel, dealt with desperate, hateful vigor; horses reared their full height and uttered terrified cries; swords described great circles in the air and seemed to dart hither and thither like tongues of silver flame. Men and horses came tumbling down, and lay quivering on the ground as pistols were discharged, and their opponents' steel rent their bodies almost asunder.

At times he caught a glimpse of his captain towering above his fellows and slaying right and left like a demon, trampling down everything, riding like a madman. The fierce sun blazed down upon them, blinding in its glare and suffocating in its heat.

"Give the cropped hypocrites no quarter," sang out the captain, still urging forward and raining blows with lightning-like rapidity.

But the sword of Cornet Graham never moved; in spite of the sweatening heat, he felt as if he were frozen. For months he had craved for this very thing—to ride forth as his fathers before him had done to fight for the King, and now, in the midst of this roar for which he had longed, he could only gasp with ashy lips, "My God! My God!"

Suddenly a shot struck the man riding just in front of him, and a shudder passed through his frame when he caught sight of the dead man's upward-turned face as he galloped over his lifeless body.

It was the snapping of what nerve was left. He could only look wildly round for some avenue of escape. Here, among these bushes, is his chance. With a gesture of despair he rolled off his horse and lay panting but unhurt in the bush. He watched the fighting mass disappear in a cloud of smoke and dust, his own horse galloping behind.

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"Thank God! Thank God!" he murmured, "I am out of that hell."

His lips were parched and his tongue like leather. He gnawed away at the grass for relief.

Let it be said in his favor he was but sixteen years of age, and this was his first skirmish with the enemies of the King.

A terrible nightmare of horror came over him as he thought of his cowardice —the thought of his home, his mother, the grand race of soldiers from which he had sprung. In rapid succession these spectres passed before him, and seemed to point at him with scornful indignation. The enormity of his crime and failure came upon him as a horrid night of darkness, and with a great cry of agony he buried his face in his hands and sobbed. Thus he lay for some hours.

* * * * *

"Has some one taken your doll?"

The young man raised his head and perceived that the question was asked by sweet-faced innocence of some three or four years.

"Has some one taken your doll?" she asked again in tones strongly suspicious of tears. "'Cos they have taken mine."

"Come hither, pretty one," he said, glad to hear a child's voice.

She advanced fearlessly toward him and poured out her grief. He stroked her hair, and thought she resembled a sister at home, whom now he dare not face.

"Naughty men had come; grandfather and grandmother were crying, and the naughty men would not let her have her doll—her own dolly. The naughty men were also pulling all grandfather's nice things about."

"And where is your father, sweet maid?"

"Oh, he has gone to fight."

Then the child burst into tears again as the thoughts of the doll came into her mind.

"See, I will give you one of these nice silver buttons from my coat," and he ripped one off and presented it.

But the child, who wanted her doll, would not be comforted with a button, and seemed to think that his request to dry her tears was, under such circumstances, a most unreasonable one. The young officer produced the contents of his pockets. No; she wanted the doll.

"HAS SOME ONE TAKEN YOUR DOLL?"

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He concluded that a party of the opposite side were plundering some neighboring house. Strange to say, the youth who had played the coward the day before was quite sober in his courage now. He had gone through a terrible ordeal, yet he knew a worse one was before him when an explanation was demanded of his conduct; for he doubted not that the whole troop had witnessed his exhibition of cowardice. He buckled on his sword and set his teeth.

"Show me the men who have taken your doll!" he said to the child, and her reply was to put her hand in his and lead the way.

In an instant her tears were dried, and she was happy because her cavalier would punish the naughty men and rescue her treasure. She chatted all the way, and her innocent prattle comforted poor Graham.

The thought that one bit of humanity did not shun him braced him up, and he was determined to have the doll, if he fought a dozen men for its possession.

They had not gone far before they descried in the distance a woman, who, on catching sight of the couple, ran toward them.

"There's mother," shouted the child. "Won't she be pleased!"

"Marjory, where have you been?"

"Mother, this soldier will get me back my doll."

The woman dropped a curtsey as she saw the rank of the man who had brought back her child.

"Thank you, kind sir. She ran out when we were busy with the men, and we did not miss her till about half an hour ago," and she nestled the child to her side.

"We are full of trouble," she continued, "but grandfather will be pleased to see the little one."

"This kind gentleman will get me my doll, he promised," broke in the child.

"Hush! darling, you must not trouble him."

"Yes; we mean to have the doll. I will come to the house and interview these marauders," said Graham. "Are they the King's men or Cromwell's?" he asked.

"Neither, good sir. They are the sheriff's men. Our home is to be sold up. My husband has been away fighting in Cromwell's army. Grandfather fell and broke his leg, and we are penniless, for there has been no one to work the little farmstead but myself. Now Andrew Leggett has come down upon us for the rent."

"What, the preacher?"

"Yes," replied the woman. "Put in by the Protector. 'Tis his house."

"I know the psalm-smiter well. Small mercy at his hands, I trow.

"Hold!" shouted young Graham. The men who were loading the cart paused.

"Put down that chair!" he said authoritatively to a man who was carrying this article of furniture.

"The doll! The doll!" shrieked the child, and she pointed to her toy, the head of which peeped out from a basket of odds and ends.

"Pass that doll down!" he said to the man who was up on the cart.

"Who be you?" asked the man with a sour scowl. "We act by the sheriff's warrant."

"You will unload those things as quickly as you can, or I will hasten your work by this!" and he touched his sword. "How much is owing?"

To answer this question another man came out of the cottage.

"Near thirteen pounds one way and another," replied that worthy individual.

"How much has been put on as costs by the rogue Leggett?"

"That is our business, not yours," answered the man on the wagon.

Graham stepped up to the cart, swung himself up by the wheel, and pulled out the doll.

"Now, my men, no nonsense! Unload!"

"Not till we see the money," said the man who appeared to be in charge.

"You shall have that," answered the officer.

"Who will pay?"

"Cromwell," said the young officer calmly. He entered the house and spoke

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a few cheering words to the old man, who now lay on the floor.

"Come, Marjory, we will go and get the money," and young Graham and the little girl, who closely hugged her dolly, passed out.

Half an hour afterward the officer and his little companion entered the camp of the army of the Protector. She repeated to the soldiers who challenged them what Cornet Graham dictated:

"This is my prisoner, and I want my reward."

"Don't stand there laughing," he said to the man, who gave a great guffaw at so singular an announcement. "Conduct us to your captain."

The Roundhead officer was incredulous, and seemed inclined to regard it as a joke.

"The child discovered me. Pay the reward that is offered, and of your courtesy let some trustworthy man escort her to her home. If you doubt my word, examine these papers," and he drew from inside his vest some identifying documents.

"These are in order. I cannot doubt your statement longer, and the twenty-five pounds shall be conveyed safely with this child to the parents."

"PUT DOWN THAT CHAIR!"

Two soldiers appeared in obedience to a signal from their captain, and Cornet Graham was bidden to follow them. He kissed the child and left the tent.

Another period of misery! Not that he dreaded the prospect before him. Death would have been a relief. Gladly would he have welcomed the summons that would have put an end to his existence. His

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past cowardice dragged him down to the depths of despair and wrung his very soul.

About sunset a guard—a big, good-humored-looking fellow—brought him bread and a jug of water.

"Cromwell is come; so say thy prayers with extra care to-night, for thy life is not worth twenty-four hours' purchase. We got the worst of that brush with the King's men yesterday, and they say the Protector hath a sore head. Here comes the officer of the guard."

"Follow me," said that officer to the prisoner.

In a few moments he stood before the Protector. It was the first time he had seen Cromwell, and it was not without a certain nervousness that he gazed on his stern features.

CROMWELL PLACED HIS HAND ON HIS SHOULDER.

"So you fling your life away for a doll, I understand? Is it, then, so worthless? No wonder men give their lives for Charles when that is the value they place upon them. Yet thou art young to die."

Cromwell stopped and watched the effect of his words, and for a few seconds there was a silence.

"Leave us," said Cromwell to his guards.

Then he arose, and approaching the young man, he placed his hand on his shoulder. "Come, lad," he said kindly, "tell me thy grief, for thou hast suffered. Thy face tells the tale."

And Cromwell listened to the recital; and as the young prisoner told all a tear stole down the older man's furrowed cheek.

"Thou art not the first, nor art thou the last, I reckon. Listen! Dost any man doubt my courage?" said Cromwell sharply.

Young Graham smiled at the mere mention. "But do you know, sir, whether any man has made a soldier after such weakness as mine?"

"Yes, I know one who in his first fight felt like thyself and yet became a soldier."

"Who was he? Tell me?" asked the man eagerly.

"Oliver Cromwell, who now stands before thee, and is not ashamed to own it. Now go; thou art free, but on thy way call and see the old man at the cottage, and there is a maid there who would have word with thee. They have been here pleading for thy release, and have brought back the money. The maid offered to give her doll as the price of thy freedom."

But the young man stood still.

"What now?" demanded Cromwell.

"The furniture: the reward for my capture is to redeem it," he said; "I wish that to be done."

"That is provided for. The only thing missing from the house is the doll, which the wilful maid persisted in leaving with me, and which I will trouble thee to return. Perchance it might get mislaid, and I should not care to face the child with the responsibility of its loss upon my conscience."

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WOMEN AT THE PLOUGH.

WOMEN WHO FARMED WHILE MEN FOUGHT.

By W. R. Draper.

While the fame of the Twentieth Kansas Volunteers as fighters in the Philippines has travelled around the world, and the echoes of praise are yet ringing in every home in this land, little has been thought and less said of the wives, sisters, sweethearts, or gray-haired mothers of these daring fellows.

These women are the unknown heroines, and have borne the brunt of hardships unflinchingly. They are uncomplaining, however, and have taught the men a lesson by their silent suffering.

While the men were fighting in the trenches, the Kansas woman was at home doing the duties that were left undone by the Kansan when he sailed away to fight for his country's cause.

She tended the crops, managed the farm, and followed the plough.

When the first call for volunteers was issued the Kansas country boys and men were stirred with patriotism and longed to join the army and march away to the front. But there were the families. How could they leave them with no support other than the revenue derived from the farm, and who would work upon it when they were gone?

All was excitement in every little town in Kansas. Notices that recruiting officers would arrive at such a time always brought a crowd of farmers to town, who remained around the recruiting station and seized upon every bit of information possible.

"If we didn't have our crops to get in, we would go darn quick," they said to the recruiting officers.

When the second call for volunteers came the farmers hesitated no longer. The farmers' wives, daughters, sweethearts, and all gathered at the district schoolhouses and held farewell meetings. The women had already declared their intention to run the farms during the men's absence, hence there was much instruction as to sowing, reaping, and so on. The men knew, however, of their wives' and daughters' ability in farming, because most of them had been taught it in youth, and some were really as well versed in farming as their parents.

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WOMEN HARVESTERS.

About fifteen hundred women, including the daughters in each family, were left alone on the farms after the Twentieth Kansas Regiment was organized. Over seventy-five per cent. of the Twentieth were farmers, and a majority of them were married and had large families.

The women at once commenced to harvest their crops, and only engaged men to assist them when threshing time came.

Cutting, binding, and stacking grain were quite easy to the healthy country women of the Kansas plains, and one woman, Mrs. Mattie Rickey, and her grown daughter—whose husband was killed in the fighting on February 11th—cut and stacked a 100-acre field of wheat. They live in Allen County, and have a 160-acre farm, which, with the aid of a hired man a portion of the time, they now manage.

Another woman, Mrs. Mary Dix, and her two daughters, who live near Augusta, in Wilson County, alone ploughed 150 acres of ground and sowed it in winter wheat. Her son and husband both enlisted in Company B. Her son, Private Alva Dix, was killed in action March 29th.

The Kansas woman is not a delicate, tender thing who shrinks at the sound of pistol shot or sight of blood. She is modest when modesty becomes a woman, but she has nerve. That is one reason why the Kansans were so contented and anxious to fight at any and all times. They knew that the "women folks" wanted them to, and when a battle was fought and a victory won it would cause the women at home as much satisfaction as themselves.

The State Secretary of Agriculture says there are about thirty-five hundred women in Kansas who work on farms, and they all own the land upon which they are employed. It is further stated by the State officers that these women work in the fields because they enjoy it, and not because the farmer is unable to hire men. In nearly every known instance the farmers are quite wealthy where the women work. In some cases there is poverty lurking at the door, and the women work because they are required.

The exact time when women commenced to do farm work in Kansas dates back to the period when the Indian and buffalo were plentiful in Kansas. As

WOMEN REAPERS.

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WOMEN LOADING WHEAT.

early as 1870 instances are known where women ploughed in the fields while their husbands guarded the flocks from savages. Mrs. John R. Kestler, who came to Kansas in the early days with her husband, when towns were a hundred miles apart, and who is now residing in Topeka, was probably the first Kansas woman to follow a plough. They were living near the Oklahoma border, on the banks of the Arkansas, upon a small tract of cultivated land. Once in the summer of 1870 Mr. Kestler was called away from home just about the time the corn needed cultivating. While he was away Mrs. Kestler ploughed twenty-five acres. After that the work of women on farms became common, while their husbands kept away the Indians.

In 1874 a woman's convention was held at Caldwell, near Oklahoma, and Mrs. Kestler, who was chosen president, said of these meetings:

"It was one of the most unique conventions ever held in Kansas. My scheme gathered favor at once. The women were used to all kinds of hardships, but it had never yet dawned upon them that farming was the best work they could do to help their husbands along. Many times in those days, before the women commenced to work on the farms, our husbands would be compelled to quit in the middle of a day's work to run the Indians away from the herds. Even if there were two or three men at work on one farm, these interruptions were serious, especially when the men were in the midst of ploughing out a crop of weeds.

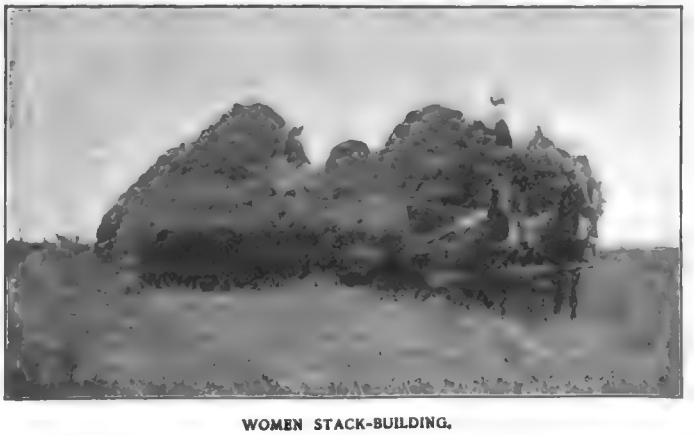
"When the convention met I was elected and asked for my ideas, which I gladly gave to the fifty or more farmers' wives present. They all accepted my suggestions gladly."

From that time to the present day the number of women farmers has greatly increased.

On some farms where there are only women living they all take a day off each week and do the housework. On other farms, where there are four or five women, one remains at the house all the time, taking turn about at it.

Here is a daily outline of the manner in which the work is carried on at Mrs. Dix's farm, where there are three women at work:

They rise at 5.30 A.M. Mrs. Dix prepares breakfast while her two daughters do the work about the barn, such as feeding the stock, milking, etc. Breakfast at 6.30. While the daughters hitch up the



WOMEN STACK-BUILDING.

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teams and get ready for the field Mrs. Dix cleans up the house. They start to work in the fields at 7 o'clock. Return at 11.30. On some days Mrs. Dix prepares dinner while the girls put out the teams, and on other days they change. Return to work at 1 P.M. Quit at 6.30. Supper at 7. Retire at 8.30. One day each week one or two of the women take a day off and do the general housework.

Such is the routine of every-day life on a Kansas farm, and one of the best in the country, too, where women are the sole occupants.

People who never saw the Kansas girl-farmer would think she is rough-skinned, coarse, and uncouth, but that is a very mistaken idea.

The mothers and sweethearts are not the only women in the State who engage in farming. There are twice as many more widows, spinsters, and young women who have no family connection with the army that went to the Philippines.

There are young women who came West to conquer the world, who fell to farming, spinsters who could not catch a farmer turned farmers themselves, and widows and orphan daughters, some who work in the fields for love, and others from necessity.

Taken altogether, the colony of Kansas women who farm is surprisingly large, a happy and contented lot of creatures, pure and true types of noble womanhood.

HER VIOLIN

UNDERNEATH her dimpled chin
She snugly tucks her violin,
(The winsome sprite!)
And straight, for joy, the happy thing
Beneath her touch begins to sing,
With all its might.
"O, Fiddle-de-dum, de Fiddle-de-dee!"
I, too, could sing, it seems to me,
Were I the lucky violin,
Under my Lady's dimpled chin!

And yet, I'm e'en as the violin
Beneath my Lady's dimpled chin!—
For, truth to tell,
She plays me high, she plays me low,
And loud and soft, and fast and slow,—
(She knows me well!)
"O, Fiddle-de-dum, de Fiddle-de-dee!"
Mad music she makes on the heart o' me.
I'm brother, I fear, to the violin,
Under my Lady's dimpled chin!

C. F. LESTER.

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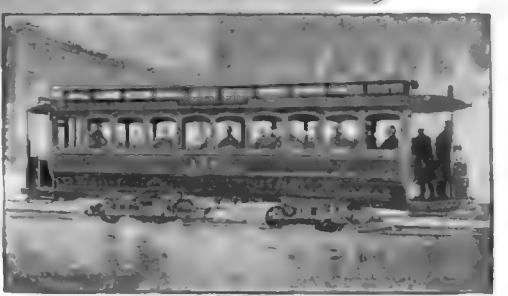
THE TROLLEY CAR.

BEING No. 2 OF "SIMPLE EXPLANATIONS."

BY GEO. H. PERRY.


1899.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*The series of "Simple Explanations" began in the December number with "Wireless Telegraphy." The articles are intended to explain in unscientific language the principles of various scientific appliances and achievements of popular interest. In writing them it is assumed that the reader has no technical knowledge whatever of the subject treated. Early articles in this series will be "Bacteria, What They Are and What We Owe to Them," "How a Ship Finds Her Way at Sea," "The Telephone up to Date," "The Electric Light," "Liquid Air." Suggestions for subjects in this series are invited from our readers.*

"PAPA, what makes the car go?"

"Electricity."

"What is 'lectisty, papa?"

"Er—it's a kind of a juice."

"How does the juice make the car go, papa?"

"I don't know, dear;—be quiet."

That is a sort of cross section of an actual conversation overheard in a Pittsburg street car. It was really much longer, and even more hopeless on the part of the bequestioned parent. It suggested this article.

With the possible exception of the telephone, no application of electricity to our everyday use is more familiar to us than in the ubiquitous "trolley car." It is so familiar that it has ceased to arouse much curiosity, yet it seems probable that ninety per cent. of the passengers in a car would appear to no better advantage under cross-examination as to its principles than the embarrassed gentleman above quoted. It is possible, therefore, that an explanation of the workings of an electric railroad will be profitable reading;—if it can be made easy enough.

It will not be an easy thing to make this an easy explanation, for the subject covers a multitude of principles. In order to make it plain to the reader just why the car starts when the conductor pulls the strap, we must go over the entire field of electrical generation, transmission, control, and transformation into power—to cover in a page or two the high-pressure development of thirty or forty years.

We must begin at the very beginning. We must start where the scientists started, years and years ago—with the magnet.

It is to be presumed that every reader of this knows what a magnet is; that delightful toy of childhood and unfathomed mystery of the scientist. It has been called "a piece of iron with a soul in it," but its strange activity is little more explained today than when Magnus, the shepherd, first noted a lodestone clinging to the tip of his iron-shod staff, two thousand years ago. Magnetism is still one of Nature's secrets, and although it has been guessed at, it has never been *told*. It has been studied and defined. Its laws are known, its effects are known, its powers and limitations, so far as they have yet appeared, have been measured to a hair. It can be produced

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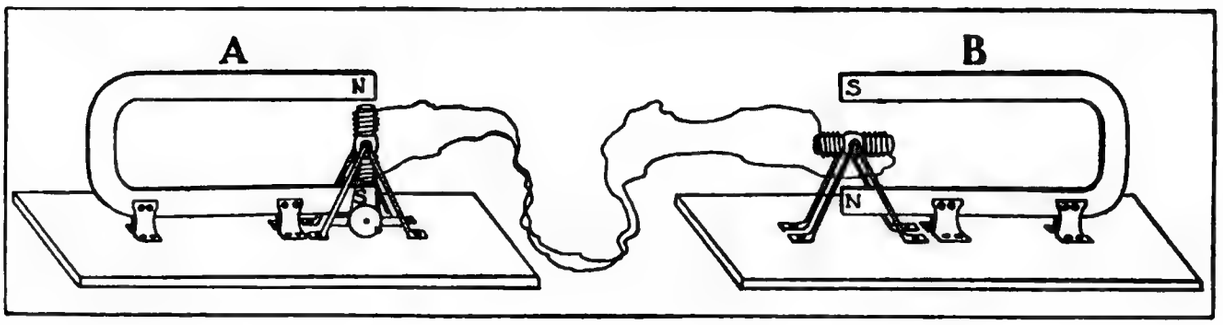
at will, and ninety per cent. of all electrical appliances depend upon some form of it. But *what* it is, and *why* it is, are as yet only subjects for theory.

Nevertheless, like the good genie in the story, magnetism, while keeping its identity a secret, appears daily in a hundred different forms to work good to humanity. The practical inventor cares little for the "why" of things, if he can find the laws that govern the "how" of them. And these are thoroughly understood in the case of magnetism, and have given us some tremendous results. One of these is the dynamo, or "generator;"—the source of electricity that runs the car. To be thorough in our explanation we must, first of all, consider this source. At the very outset, we are in pretty deep water, but we may escape disaster by using a few elementary principles as stepping-stones.



Here is a magnet, "A," in its "horse-shoe" form. Its ends are marked with the traditional "N" and "S," meaning "north" and "south." This is because, as you have undoubtedly known since childhood, if the magnet were straightened into a bar, and delicately pivoted at its centre, the end marked "N" would swing around to the north. These ends are called "poles," and will hereafter be so designated.

Between the poles of this magnet, observe the little iron rod, hung on an axle, so that it may spin freely in the space between the poles, without touching them. Around this little iron rod is coiled a wire, the coils touching neither the iron nor each other. At the right of the picture a precisely similar arrangement, "B," and the ends of the two coils are joined.

Now here you have a conventional illustration of two things—a generator and a motor. For observe: suppose the crank connected with the device at *A* to be turned so as to give the iron rod and its coil one-half a revolution, turning it end-for-end until it again reaches the perpendicular. As it moves, a current of that strange force we call "electricity" will immediately arise in the wire coil, getting stronger and stronger as the iron core approaches the horizontal, and weakening again to nothing as it swings over to the perpendicular. If the motion were continued through a full revolution the current would again arise, increase, and fall, but this time in a direction opposed to the first.

Never mind this reversal of current; it is a thing for the electricians to figure on and correct with their "commutators." And do not ask *why* the electricity is generated when the coil moves, for no one can tell you. The thing to consider is the fact that the movement of a coil of wire between the poles of a magnet, or in what electricians call "a magnetic field," induces currents of electricity in the wire that will continue in some form as long as the motion is continued. If you get this point fixed in your mind there will be nothing in the whizzing machinery of a power-plant or electric-light station to strike you as mysterious. True, you will not see the steel horse-shoe magnet, nor the straight, wire-wound rod. But they are there in principle, although in form developed and amended and improved beyond recognition. The magnet has itself become a huge wire-wound shape, and the little rod with its coils (which you should learn to call the "armature") has

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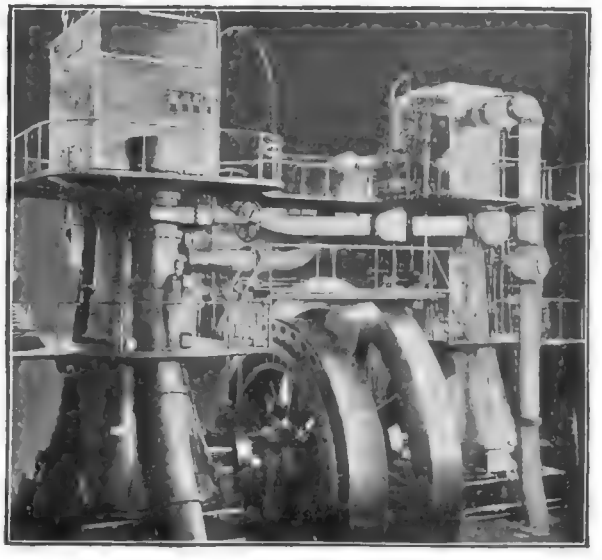
developed into a ring of soft iron, carrying almost any number of coils from three to hundreds. But the general principle—that of moving a coil of wire with an iron core between the poles of a magnet—remains unchanged, and the rest is merely mechanical device and electrical and magnetic detail.

But there is more to be learned from our sketch. You see there two contrivances exactly alike, with their armature coils connected. Now, when you twirl the little armature in *A*, the current produced will follow the wire, pass through the coil at *B*, and *B's* armature will instantly display a life of its own, and do its best to keep up with *A*. So you see that turning *A* by the hand, turns *B* by electricity. *A* is the generator, and *B* the motor. One is a duplicate of the other. If you turned *B* by hand, *A* would follow it. Now all you have to consider is one of these machines turned by steam in a power-house, with its coils connected to the other which is under a street car, having its revolving armature geared to the wheels, and we have made our first step.



ONE OF THE IMMENSE 5,000 HORSE-POWER GENERATORS OF THE METROPOLITAN STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

The power-house at Ninety-sixth Street and the East River, New York City, will contain eleven of these.

All these principles have been known for close to fifty years, but it took more than thirty years to work out the details involved. First, how should the coils be connected? How could the immense power necessary be safely conveyed by wire through crowded streets and open country, and poured into the motor of a moving car? A simpler but still a bothersome question was, how to control the current after you had got it to the car. How could the awkward shapes and ponderous weights and bulky size of the electrical machinery be clipped and condensed and adapted to the limited space under the car and the difficult conditions of jolt and jar and swing and vibration?

You will note that the connection between the two machines in our sketch consists of not one wire, but *two*. A coil has two ends, and these ends must be joined in some way, or no current will pass. As explained in a previous paper,* electricity will not travel at all unless it can travel all the way around and back to where it started. If there is a break in the wire no electricity will be generated, though you turn the handle with all your might. In the picture, the ends of the coil at *A* are connected through the intermediate wire and the coil at *B*. In getting back to *A* where it started, the current (incidentally, as it were) passes through *B* and does work.

The connection between power-house and car, therefore, must consist, not of one wire alone, but of two;—one out, one back. It is not enough to get the current *to* the car; you must get it back again to the spinning coils in the power-house, or it will refuse to pass altogether.

The method of doing this that is probably most familiar to our readers is that of

* "Wireless Telegraphy," in the December number.

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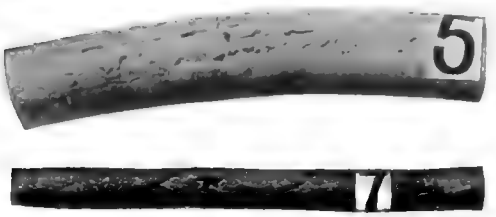
the "overhead" single-wire trolley, with an "earth" return. From the power-house the current passes by heavy "feed wires" to the trolley wire itself. From the trolley-wire the current passes to the car through the trolley wheel at the end of the swinging arm on the roof. It is led through various switches, through the



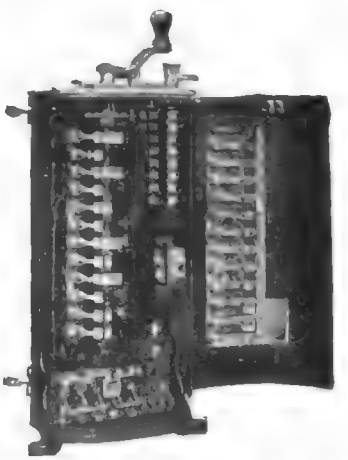
ELECTROLYTIC ACTION ON WATER PIPES.
[From the report of the Brooklyn Commission on Electrical Subways.]

"controller" which the motorman handles, and thence to the motor itself. After passing through the motor, the current is led to the wheels, from the wheels it passes to the rails, and it then finds its own way back to the power-house, partly on the rails, partly on a return wire that is buried in the ground between the rails, partly by means of any gas or water pipe that it can find convenient, but perhaps chiefly through the very earth itself.

Another system is the "double trolley," having two trolley wires overhead, or underground, with a double trolley sliding over them. In the "third-rail" system, used by railroads having their own right of way, the current reaches the car by means of a third rail, laid alongside the track, and returns over the other two.

One often hears the question, If all this electricity is passing over the street-car rails, why do not horses and men get shocks when they step on the tracks? If you will keep in your mind that fundamental principle that electricity will not pass at all unless it can pass *through*—that it will not regard any path that will not make a part of a circuit—you can answer the question yourself. A man can stand, without inconvenience, on a rail that is carrying enough current to kill him instantly if it went through him, just as he might stand on a pipe through which was running a powerful stream of water and never get wet. The current in the rail is intent only on getting back to its starting point. The rail leads there, and it follows it—the man leads nowhere except a few feet up into the air where there is no reason for the current to go. So a man might hang by his hands from a trolley wire and never know that a current was in it. The current concerns itself with nothing except the effort to get to the ground, and so back to its beginning. But suppose, while the man is hanging from the wire, another man, standing on the rails, reaches up to his feet. That is different, as you can see. Here is a direct path made from the wire, through the men, to the ground, and the current will take it instantly. It will take *any* path it can find to get to its own starting point. It will take none that doesn't lead there.

It has a fastidious choice in paths, however. It prefers metals to anything else, and copper above all metals except silver. A



INTERIOR OF "CONTROLLER BOX."
[General Electric Company.]

current that has just strength enough to travel over a mile of iron wire and do its work, will travel over six miles of copper wire and do the same work. That is why trolley wires are of copper. It will travel around the world on a copper wire, rather than jump an eighth-of-an-inch of dry air. It cannot pass through glass or china or

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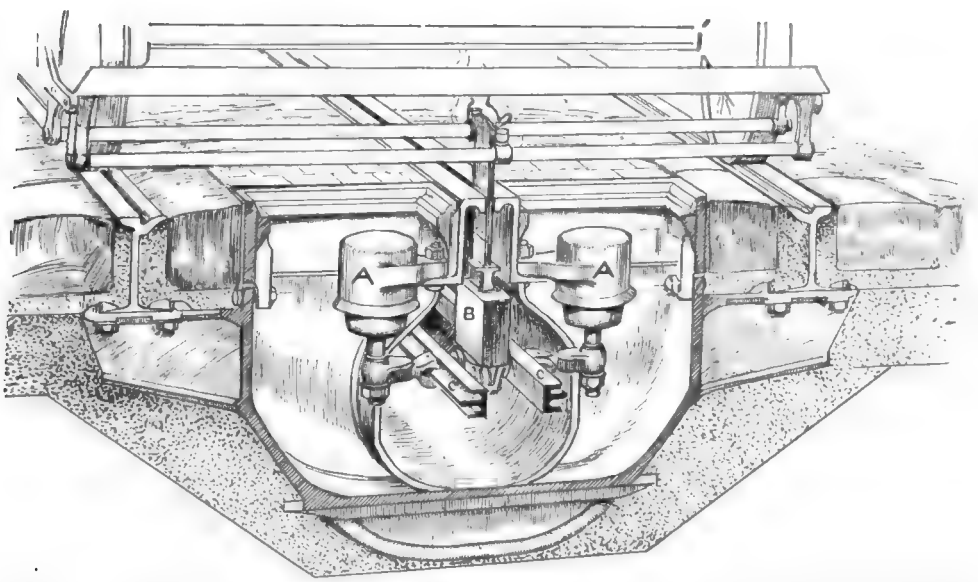
porcelain, except with immense difficulty. That is why the supporting wires of a trolley line are fastened to glass "insulators." Were it not for these, the current would pass easily to the ground through the poles, and dodge its work at the car. It will always take the easiest path it can find; it will not trouble to go through the motors in the cars if it can find an easier way to get to the ground and back to its beginning. That is why all the cars on a street railroad will stop if a break in the wire allows it to fall to the ground, even though the cars are between the break and the power-house.

power of tearing apart the chemical constituents of water into free oxygen and free hydrogen. In a damp spot this occurs, and the oxygen attacks the pipe, each atom of it oxidizing (that is, rusting) a speck of the metal. The illustrations show some results of a few years of this continued action.

The underground trolley, now coming into extended use in large cities, avoids this difficulty by using *two* wires, each of them carefully separated (insulated) from the ground. There is then no necessity for using the earth as a part of the circuit.



SECTION OF "UNDERGROUND-TROLLEY" TRENCH, SHOWING THE CONDUCTING RAILS, CC, HUNG FROM PORCELAIN INSULATORS AA, WITH THE "PLOUGH" B SLIDING BETWEEN THEM.

Much trouble has been found, and even more trouble has been feared, from the action a current has on water and gas pipes when the single overhead trolley wire is used. These pipes form a convenient path for the current back to its starting point, but wherever they pass through damp earth (and that is throughout nearly their whole length) a certain proportion of the current will desert the metal and take its course through the ground. Wherever this occurs the pipe is gradually destroyed through an electro-chemical action called "electrolysis." The current has the

Between the rails is a slot, the whole length of the track, which opens into a trench. At the sides of this trench are the two wires, shown in the illustration in the form of iron rails. From the bottom of the car projects a thin plate, called a "plough" by the railroad men. This carries at its lower end two heavy spring "contacts," which slide along the side-rails and take the current from one, returning it to the other after its work is done.

The "controller," by which the motorman regulates the stopping and starting

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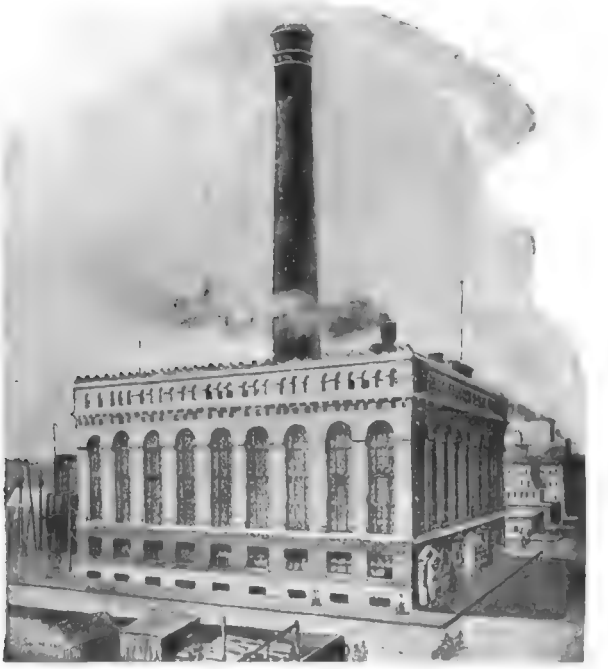
and speed of the car, is so eminently technical in its principles that a popular explanation is next to impossible. In brief, however, the handle controls a number of switches which guide the course of the current through any one of a number of paths. In the first position, the current is admitted to one motor—result, slow speed. In the next and succeeding positions, the current is admitted to both motors under different conditions of connection. For middle speeds, the current passes through one motor to get to the other. For higher speeds the current is divided equally between the two motors.

When a current passes through a wire it heats it to a degree depending on the strength of the current.* If the wire is too small for the current it is melted, just as a pipe is burst by a pressure too great for its strength. If all the current that is generated in the power-house should be directed into one car, that car's motors would be instantly reduced to a scorched and semi-molten wreck. In order to prevent the accidental delivery to a car of more power than its connections can carry, there is introduced into the circuit in every car a "fuse" consisting of a composition of lead and tin, formed into a large wire. All the current that is used in the car passes through this fuse. It is just large enough to carry without melting such a current as the motor-wire can safely stand. When the current rises to a dangerous pressure (as by a number of cars chancing to stop at once, throwing all the power into a few remaining in motion) this fuse will "blow"—that is, melt. When it melts it of course breaks the circuit, admitting no more current to the car, until its place in the metal pathway has been filled.

When a fuse in the car "blows," with its flash and puff, don't be alarmed. It is a signal of safety, not danger.



THE LARGEST POWER-HOUSE IN THE WORLD. OPERATED BY THE METROPOLITAN STREET RAILWAY COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

* The electric heater in the winter cars is nothing but a number of coils of wire through which a strong current is passing.

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THE CRESTED EAGLE—A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE LIVING BIRD IN THE POSTURE OF ATTACK.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

[*We shall be glad to consider photographs of all kinds suitable for this section of the magazine, and to pay for such as are accepted.*—ED.]

THE CRESTED EAGLE.

WHAT is especially interesting about the accompanying photograph is the fact that it is the only one ever taken of the Crested Eagle while still at liberty in its native forests. This beautiful bird is known sometimes as the Harpy and sometimes as the Courageous Eagle. Its characteristics are indomitable courage and enormous strength. The bones are amazingly thick in proportion to the size of the bird, and its claws are nearly twice the size of those that belong to the Golden Eagle. Its wings, however, are comparatively small, for the Harpy does not prey upon other birds but upon animals; the sloth, the opossum, and the young deer being its chief victims. When enraged the bird assumes a ferocious aspect that is quite indescribable, flinging out the feathers of its head and neck in a war-like ruff. The superb specimen shown in the photograph measured four feet from head to tail, while its outstretched wings measured nine feet from tip to tip. The photograph was taken on the borders of a pineapple field in the wilds of Costa Rica, Central America.

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A COW THAT BUILT A CONVENTION HALL.

Armour Rose is the most famous cow in the West. Her celebrity is due to the part she played in giving the people of Kansas City their great Convention Hall. When this building was still only half completed it was found that the available funds were exhausted, and it was at this time that with the idea of stimulating public interest in the undertaking Mr. Kirkland B. Armour offered to give the finest heifer in his herd of Herefords to be raffled or sold on behalf of the fund. Armour Rose was selected as the gift animal. Other people now came forward. They gave horses, houses, building lots, buggies, pianos, diamonds, hogs—anything, in fact, that had an immediate cash value. The total number of gifts reached 100,000, and 160,000 tickets were sold. The sum of $40,000 was realized from this source. The tickets were drawn by blind boys and distributed. The heifer Armour Rose fell to Mrs. A. W. Ryan, of Kansas City, and was purchased from her by Mr. Armour for $1,000. Recently at a sale of Herefords, John Sparks, of Reno, Nevada, bought Armour Rose from Mr. Armour for $2,500, this being the highest price ever paid for a cow.

A COW WORTH $2,500.

AN AUTOMOBILE TROLLEY CAR.

We produce here a drawing from a photograph of the most interesting form of automobile that has yet been put upon the streets. It is in reality a horseless omnibus, but so made that when running upon thoroughfares provided with car lines it can avail itself of these, still relying on its own motive power or obtaining its power from the overhead wires. The four main wheels have ordinary tires, but they are constructed the same distance apart as those of a trolley car, so that when lines are met with it is merely a question of proper steering to run along them. This,

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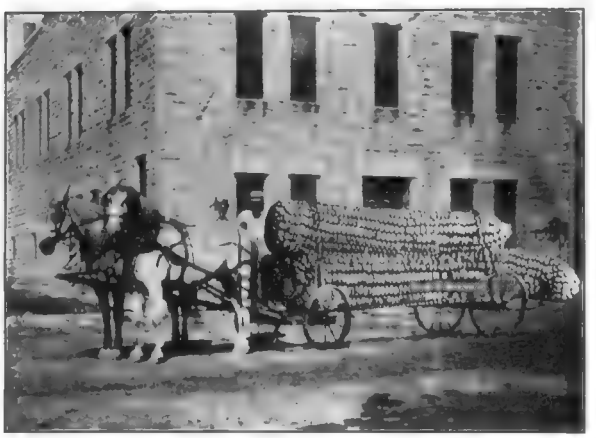
which, in the ordinary way, would be impossible, becomes quite easy when two little flanged wheels are lowered from the front of the car as shown in the illustration. The invention is a German one, and in our illustration may be seen the usual attachment for drawing the power from an overhead wire, which differs slightly in form from the type used in this country.

A COMBINATION CAR AND OMNIBUS.

KANSAS CORN.

The trick photograph we reproduce here is a remarkably skilful piece of work. It was obtained, however, by the usual method. The photograph of the empty truck was taken first, and the photograph of three ordinary ears of corn was pasted over the print. The top of the wheels, which were thus covered, were painted in by the photographer, and two chains at either end of the load were skilfully suggested. The composite picture was then photographed.



A FREAK PHOTOGRAPH.

DEAF AND DUMB FIREMEN.

In the town of Cave Springs, Georgia, there is a fire brigade, every member of which is deaf and dumb, but which, in spite of this severe handicap, has performed some splendid work. This brigade is connected with the institution supported by the State for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, and is under the charge of one of the permanent professors, who is also unable to either hear or speak. They have fought a number of local fires with great heroism, and many lives have been saved by their exertions.

A FIRE BRIGADE OF DEAF MUTES.

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AN ODD TRANSFER TICKET.

The object of the remarkable transfer ticket of which we give a photograph is the proper identification of the holder, to prevent the abuse of the transfer privilege. It will be noticed that the design includes the portraits of three females and four males; and the conductor, in issuing the ticket, punches the picture which most nearly corresponds to the description of the passenger. Observe that while there are pictures of a boy, a young man, a middle-aged man, and an old man on one hand, there are only three pictures on the other, representing a girl, a woman who might be any age, and an old woman. Originally there were four sketches here, as well as on the other side, but in differentiating between the young and the middle-aged lady passenger the conductors made themselves so thoroughly unpopular that such fine distinctions had to be abandoned.

The ticket is used in connection with a street railroad in Hagerstown, Maryland.

A MONSTER MUMMY.

A gigantic mummy of a mother and child has recently been found in a cave in the Yosemite Valley, California, by a party of gold prospectors.

The mummy is now in the possession of the Historical Society of Topeka. Many attempts have been made to definitely determine the period when the mother and child lived, and also to what race they belonged.

The history of the discovery of the relic forms an interesting chapter. G. F. Martindale of Scranton, Osage County, Kansas, was gold prospecting with a party of miners. They had been working near the Bridavale Falls, and camped for dinner by the side of a great bluff. While eating, they noticed a peculiar pile of stones, which had apparently been arranged with human cunning, and was not the result of accidental and natural association. The region is peculiarly wild and desolate, and practically uninhabited, and they were seized with curiosity as to who could have arranged this odd pile of rocks. Determined

A PICTORIAL TRANSFER TICKET.

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to investigate, they commenced rolling and moving the stones, and after a time their search was rewarded by the discovery of a hole, about one foot in diameter, half filled with débris, but evidently the beginning of a passage of some sort. Still further interested, they began digging, and at last discovered that the passage led to a cave in which, leaning against the wall, they found this gigantic mummy, holding a babe in her arms. The mummy is six feet eight inches in length, fourteen and a half inches at the shoulders, and eighteen inches across the elbow, appearing very narrow for the height. There is a necklace about the neck, consisting of perhaps a leather cord, in which two or three slender white teeth are inserted. Coarse black hair shows in the wrapping about the neck. The shroud has the appearance of a very thin piece of buckskin, badly worn and frayed about the edges, covering the head like a hood, and enveloping the greater part of the body. It seems to have been divided below the knee, and drawn up about the leg, and laced at the foot and ankle. The color of the mummy is a dusty gray, much like an old chamois skin which has been wet and long exposed to the weather; and where the flesh is exposed, it presents the appearance of old putty. The bone of the right shin is uncovered to perhaps the length of three inches, also several of the ribs on the right side. The find is of a very unusual nature; for while antique relics are common enough in the West, mummies are seldom found. The immense height of the woman lends an additional element of doubt as to the age of the relic, for even with the robust creatures of antiquity this is a most unusual height.

The most plausible solution of the mystery is that the mummy is a relic of some of the lost tribes of the stone age, and antedates the Christian era, being probably three thousand years old.

A WOMAN SIX FEET EIGHT INCHES IN HEIGHT.

GENERAL VALLEJO'S STATE CARRIAGE.

The photograph on page 194 shows one of the oldest carriages in America. It was originally owned by General Vallejo of

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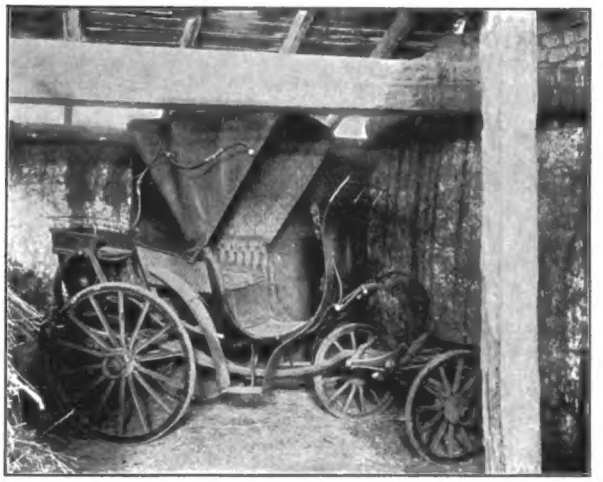

GENERAL VALLEJO'S STATE CARRIAGE.

A LOG CABIN THAT COST $10,000.

AN ODD PHOTO.

California, who brought it from England in the year 1834. It was in constant use for several generations, and is now kept as a cherished heir-loom by the surviving members of his family.

A LOG CABIN THAT COST $10,000.

A prominent member of the English peerage keeps in the hall of his country residence a wheelbarrow. He was at one time a farm laborer and it pleases him to remind his visitors of the fact. Something of the same feeling no doubt prompted the erection of the log cabin of which we reproduce a photograph. It was built to remind the owner of a former style of life. The cabin is located about five miles from the heart of the city of Detroit, Michigan. The logs were brought from the northern part of the State at great expense. The cabin has a length of fifty feet, with a width of twenty-five feet, and is built in two sections divided from each other by a distance of twenty-five feet. It cost $10,000, and is, consequently, the most luxurious log cabin in the world.

AN ODD PHOTOGRAPH.

To make a photograph of himself a man has but to focus his lens on a dummy, and then to remove the dummy, occupy its place, and press the pneumatic attachment operating the shutter of his camera either with a hand kept outside the range of the picture or with his foot. The picture we reproduce here is made with the aid of a mirror, the lens being focussed on the mirror and not on the reflection of the camera. To obtain the curious effect of the writing shown beneath the camera it was written from right to left.

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What A Dog Can Do

By Geoffrey Harding.

A dog learned in the art of "dying" and "trust" and so on is undoubtedly an interesting companion, and can afford considerable pleasure. Yet there always lurks about the highly trained dog a sense of unreality—a feeling that he is trying to accomplish what nature never intended. The reflection, perhaps, ends there in the case of a home-trained pet, but with respect to professional performers one cannot but feel that often considerable cruelty has led to a comparatively paltry result.

(1) "no, sir."

Space forbids any discussion of the already much debated question of the cruelty of dog trainers. It may be necessary to be very severe. It may be fatal to success to be cruel. Dog trainers *may* be the kindest, gentlest, most humane of beings imaginable, only—I don't believe it.

(2) "i don't know!"

(3) "never again."

For my own part I must confess that I find my chief pleasure in the achievement by a dog of something distinctly suggested to him by his reasoning faculties—his instinct.

Marvellous, indeed, are the dog stories we read of. Far be it from me to try and surpass them, but I have in my mind one story which at least shows a dog's reasoning powers.

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My two friends were respectively a small fox-terrier and a spaniel. It so chanced that one morning I walked into the large ballroom of our house with the two dogs at my heels. I was looking for some one, and, failing to find the person, I stood a few moments deciding upon what I should do.

My attention was suddenly called to the little terrier. The animal evidently wanted to get out of the room. At the end of the ballroom were some very large folding-doors leading into the drawing-room, and over these doors hung a heavy curtain. The central door was unlocked, and the dog, by

(4) "LEMONADE IS DIFFERENT."

(5) "DELICIOUS, BUT—"

jumping on his hind legs and pushing with his fore-paws, was able to press it open. Owing, however, to the heavy curtains, the door swung back before the little animal could run through. I stood watching his futile endeavors, and wondering what he would do.

After some four or five attempts he paused and trotted back to where I stood with the spaniel lying on the ground at my feet, his nose between his paws. I watched most attentively. The terrier stood in front of the spaniel, which raised its head. The noses of the two animals remained two or three inches apart, and I saw nothing except a slight twitching of their nostrils. After a few seconds the spaniel slowly rose to its feet with an air of "Bother it, what a nuisance you are!"

The two dogs moved together across the room. Simultaneously they rose to their hind legs, and with their front paws pressed the door. The combined effort and the superior weight of the spaniel forced the door well open. The terrier seized the opportunity, and trotted through, while the spaniel trotted back, as the door slowly shut to again, and flopped down at my feet.

(6) "THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING ELSE IN IT!"

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